National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.
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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

A LOST LEADER.

EVERY man has his seventh of March—the hour when he listens to the voices without rather than the voice within; when, like King David, he prefers to count the people rather than to trust in Israel's God. In such hours, men make merchandise of truth; for they doubt the omnipotence of the Right, and therefore are ready to compromise with error.

No man in this nation has held a higher moral rank for a long period of time, in the public estimation, than William Lloyd Garrison. He has been looked on as a true descendant of those holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Lord of Hosts, fearing neither king nor subject, persecution nor death; but boldly uttering what was given them to say. He has been publicly pointed out as a fixed star, whose light could no more be dimmed or uncertain than the light of Jupiter or Mars.

Perilous position for any man to hold!

Garrison has fallen. The old man is no longer the prophet whom we revered. *Drunk with the wine of political expediency*—tasted now for the first time—he has *uncovered his nakedness, and made himself the sport of the mob.* Some of his sons have covered him reverently; but with a sad heart, and pityingly withal. Some others, like the parasite of the drunken king, too far gone themselves to lift him up, have loyally lain down in the mire at his side.

It is a fact well known to those familiar with the secret history of existing parties, that for some time past there has been rapidly developing a great division in the non-voting, anti-slavery ranks—Mr. Garrison leading the conservative wing, and Wendell Phillips the radicals. Recent conventions in New York and Boston have intensified this spirit, and made it no longer possible of concealment. The last session of the New England Anti-slavery Convention in Boston more especially served to draw the lines distinctly and permanently.

The evening session was opened by Parker Pillsbury, in a short, but powerful speech, in which he advocated the adoption of a series of resolutions denouncing the Administration, and demanding more efficient anti-slavery service from this government. Mr. Garrison had substituted others, laudatory of the government, and only faintly suggestive of more earnest action.

Mr. Phillips rose, and, in one of the most eloquent speeches that he ever delivered, arraigned the Administration for its manifold shortcomings and infidelity to the high trust committed to its guardianship. He had spoken an hour, but his argument was still incomplete, although he would soon have finished it, as was evident to all who critically listened to his speech.

Suddenly Mr. Garrison jumped up, and complained that Mr. Phillips was taking up all the evening, and that Mr. Thompson and he would not have an equal length of time to reply! Mr. Phillips at once sat down, and Mr. Garrison came forward.

This was too much for the patience of a large portion of the audience. "Phillips! Phillips! Free speech!" were shouted by hundreds of indignant voices. *Livid with anger and mortified pride*—"Did you ever see a man look so chopfallen?" whispered a person near us—Mr. Garrison tried in vain to address the audience. Mr. Phillips came forward, and stilled the people by a few quiet words, when Mr. Garrison, *with a cool insolence*, said that the rowdies of the audience were with the orator.

Mr. Garrison then made a partisan speech in favor of Mr. Lincoln, eulogizing him with as much unc... as an old officeholder, and attempted to make Mr. Phillips appear inconsistent by reading garbled extracts from his previous speeches. Had Mr. Garrison heard the comments of some of his sincere friends —"That is infamous!" "How is it possible for Garrison to be so unscrupulous?"—he might have suddenly found that he was buying the applause of *the mob* at a most ruinous rate. In defending Lincoln, he omitted or glided over the acts for which his career should be branded with reprobation as adroitly as an old politician. Mr. Raymond of the New York *Times* has not been more unscrupulously skilful. He did not mention the removals of Fremont, Butler, Rosecrans, and Hunter, as soon as they were avowedly for freedom; or the retention of pro-slavery men in places of power, and their rapid promotion, or the establishment of serfdom in Louisiana, or the execrable Presidential plan of reconstruction, or, in fact, anything that was unpleasant in the record of his favorite. It was a speech *thoroughly ungentlemanly, vindictive, and unfair from beginning to end.* It was never hissed—*the mob* kept their hisses for Phillips.

Mr. Thompson followed in the lead of Garrison; but it is evident that this distinguished gentleman, however familiar he may be with the printed facts of our recent history, is but ill-informed as to the spirit of our politics. His perfect innocence, displayed in his remarks on American politicians, was really and delightfully refreshing. Mr. Thompson will lose nothing of reputation by being longer in our country before attempting to debate our questions of the day —lose nothing, and have less to retract in the future.

Mr. Phillips, in a few moments, cut Mr. Garrison's readings and commentary to the heart, by asserting that he was quite willing to stand by all his speeches *read in full, and with their dates affixed*—not garbled; and with a delicate irony disposed of Mr. Thompson's supplementary address. Mr. Phillips was too magnanimous to quote Garrison *vs.* Garrison; had he attempted it, the argument would have been as cruel as it would have been complete.

For, whatever force there might be in Mr. Garrison's quotations, it applied only to the letter, not the spirit of Mr. Phillips's thought. But, both in letter and spirit, Mr. Garrison now stands the foe of his former self. In a previous speech—and the argument is common now among his partisans—he took the ground that we had no right to judge men by *our* standards, but by their own.

This is a formal and emphatic recantation of what constituted Garrisonian criticism; for both its strength and its weakness lay just there—in judging men, not after weighing their temperament, education, temptations, and surroundings, but invariably by the highest standard of right without regard to circumstances. Of course, we mean the highest standard of the critic.

Its strength lay in that method; because the Garrisonian standard was undoubtedly higher than the nation's in everything pertaining to justice in political life, and therefore their criticisms were productive of beneficial results. Sharp and angular, they were admirable spurs for the slow-going hacks of public life.

Its weakness lay just here also. It necessarily begot in weak natures a spirit of intolerance, of pride, Pharisaical conceit, and a sectarian clannishness and narrowness not less deplorable here than inside of the ecclesiastical organizations. As a general rule, the reformer flourished at the expense of the man. Some vigorous natures were but little vitiated by this incessant denunciation of the faults of public men; but the damage it inflicted on the feebler mind of the lesser followers was incalculable. They became literally living sacrifices to the truth.

Mr. Phillips is a Garrisonian, as Milton was a Puritan, or Bunyan a teacher of the Westminster Catechism; his splendid genius, his genial and chivalrous nature, his fine scholarship, and, above all, the charms of his personal presence, drew men to it lovingly whom its own frigidity repelled. A firm believer in its method, his far-seeing prevision, his statesmanlike breadth of view, his wonderful eloquence transfigured it; his speeches contain the resolution of the Anti-Slavery Convention in the same sense that *Paradise Lost* contains the five points of Calvinism, and the *Pilgrim's Progress* the dogmas of the Roundhead Churches. You will doubtless find the pebbles there—smooth stones from the brook, if you will, that have killed the Goliath of the Southern Philistines—but exquisitely set with cunningest workmanship in rubies and diamonds, glittering, costly, and rare.

The Garrisonian method has, we think, greatly impaired Mr. Phillips's influence; *not* his nature. But this cannot be said of the old pioneer himself. It *has* stunted him; and the excessive eulogy of which he has been the object has told fearfully on his character. *In that flushed and vindictive face*, as he stood when he had cut short the speech of his noble friend, no one would have been able to recognize the pure-minded and enthusiastic young man whose expression was described as almost heavenly when in his early youth he stood forth to claim justice for the slave. It was "Richard Baxter lacking grace," truly. Not the man charged with a divine message, but *the political partisan stood forth!* "O! what a fall was there, my countrymen!" What thoughts arose in the audience, it would be easy to guess, even had they not already made themselves heard. People *will* ask whether it was courteous or even decent in him, the advocate of freedom, to suppress free speech; to *rudely interrupt a man to whom he owed the larger part of his fame;* without whom, for the last ten years, he would hardly have been listened to or his Conventions attended? And they ask, whether had Mr. Phillips been speaking on *his* side, or *in praise of him*, Mr. Garrison would have acted thus? *No one believes it.* And, again, all Mr. Garrison's fame did not authorize *the egotistical assumption that he was entitled to an equal length of time to address the audience.*

Mrs. Foster uttered a theory of Mr. Garrison's course *very generally held.* She compared him to Lord Brougham *in his dotage, recreant to the ideas of his youth.* Lord Brougham once pathetically remarked that he had not changed—that he could not see the justice of the accusation of his enemies! *So does Garrison.* The trouble is just that—*they do not see it*, while all others do.

Either Garrison has been wrong for a quarter of a century, or he is wrong now. One held constantly the banner of Reform aloft; the other shouts hurrah! before the battle is won, and then rests on his arms. Under which Garrison, Bezonian? Garrison the Reformer, or Garrison the politician? Mr. Phillips's loftiest eloquence now is used and needed to defend the Garrison whom we knew, for the Garrison we see.

Another lost leader! God bless him for the noble service he has rendered to all of us! While the progress of truth compels us to leave him where he lies, *let us drop a tear on his corse;* let us hope that he may even yet arise, and renew his youth as an eagle, and again lead the moral hosts to battle. But, whatever may be his fate—if he has thoroughly put himself *hors du combat*—his better soul is still marching on, and when, renewed and redeemed, the nation leads proudly and without a fear the advance-guard of humanity, we shall all love to remember his long years of devotion to the slave, and render him the honor justly his due.

Another lost leader! Let us mourn for him, but not for the cause. No man is necessary to insure its success. Every leader who falls by his own spirit of presumption only teaches the great host to rely on itself. We want no coming man. We want men. "Shall we bring water out of the Rock?" No, haughty leaders, you need not trouble yourselves; God can raise out of these stones children to serve him.

Garrison has fallen! "Let him that standeth take heed!" A tear for the prostrate chief—*a salute over his remains*—shoulder arms! forward, MARCH! —*New Nation—Fremont's Organ.*

NEGRO EQUALITY.

From The Journal of Commerce.

THE Radical press is again making a noise in favor of negro equality in cars and public conveyances, and is endeavoring to excite popular feeling against conductors or directors of railroads who make and enforce rules drawing a distinction between white and black passengers. It is remarkable that there has always been a prejudice at the North against the admission of negroes to the public conveyances, whereas none has existed at the South. The reason was apparent. At the South, the *status* of the negro as an inferior was established, and his presence in a public conveyance, being a privilege granted by a superior to an inferior, excited no apprehension of any attempt of the latter, or of fanatical friends on his behalf, to claim equality with the former. But at the North the Abolitionists have always claimed the right of a negro to be treated in all respects as the equal of a white; and hence his presence in a rail car was understood to be the assertion of a right, and not the acceptance of a privilege. If the Abolitionists can convince the people that the negro is the equal of the white man, they will be able to procure the enactment of laws which will give them equal privileges. If they cannot accomplish that, it would be much more sensible, and do the poor negro more good, if they would allow him to relapse into an acknowledged and settled inferiority, when, the contest ceasing, he will begin to receive, as favors freely accorded, many privileges which he now fails to have because his foolish admirers claim them as rights. The admission of the negro to the cars, as a matter of favor, ought not to excite any opposition. His exclusion cannot be defended on any ground except that which we have stated. The suffering, if any, is not due to those who refuse him admission, but to those who, on his account, refuse to accept the privilege as a gift of favor from a superior.

When men demand as a right that a negro shall be admitted to the same cars with whites, they demand too much. For the same principle, the general doctrine of carriers, goes to a great extent. If the negro may claim the right to be admitted to the car, he can claim the right also to the sleeping car. If he can claim the right to the cabin, he can also claim the unoccupied berth in a state room. If he can claim admission to the public conveyances, he can also claim admission to the hotel, and a vacant bed in the room with a white man, or even half the bed in sections of the country where the custom prevails of crowding inns and putting men two in a bed. The principles of law and right covering all these cases are the same, and if the right exists in one case it exists in all. In short, there is no point at which the Abolitionist can stop, between absolute equality and admitted and regulated inferiority. The Radical party seems to recognize this fact, and the halls of Congress, as well as the public platforms, ring with proposals for negro equality. The legislation of the party in power is directed toward accomplishing this end, and the doctrine of miscegenation is boldly avowed and advocated by leading Republican presses.

It is noteworthy, however, that a reaction is going on in the public mind, and a general feeling that the negro must be allowed to drop to his proper place is taking hold of men lately inclined to think that all the law and the gospel was summed up in loving the negro and making him an equal of the white.

GLORIFYING NEGRO TROOPS.

From The Journal of Commerce.

NOBODY grudges a word of praise for the negro troops which they honestly deserve. Whenever they do better in battle than is expected of them, it is but fair that they should receive credit in reports of commanding generals, provided always that the valor of the white soldier is not unjustly slighted by omissions, or by invidious comparisons. But fulsome laudation of the negro at the expense of the white soldier is quite another matter. It is nauseous and intolerable; and, if indulged in to any extent by Radical war correspondents and newspapers, must produce an intensity of dislike, on the part of white towards black soldiers, which will have a bad effect in all army operations where the latter are engaged.

Some remarkable specimens of this exaggerated hero-making of the colored soldier, and studied depreciation of the white one came all the way from Cincinnati by telegraph, on Friday, for the "Associated Press," accompanying the details of Gen. Sturgis's defeat. The negro troops are glorified throughout; but there is not a word of extenuation for the poor whites. "The colored troops were the *last* to give way." "The negro troops gathered ammunition from the *cast away* accoutrements of the white troops, and thus were enabled to keep up the fight until they reached Memphis." "One body of 1,600 (white) infantry, which were cut off and supposed to have been captured, were defended by 200 *negro* troops from the repeated assaults of the rebel cavalry." "Another body of negro troops came in (to Memphis) having escaped by various roads. All brought their arms and accoutrements *with* them."

The inference which the reader is expected to draw from these statements is, that the white troops were a mob of cowardly wretches, and the negroes a phalanx of heroes. Every man an Ajax, gallantly taking eight craven whites (in the ratio of 200 to 1,600) under his powerful protection! It is not worth while seriously to refute such a string of preposterous absurdities. A man might as gravely undertake to point out the probable exaggerations in the travels of Lemuel Gulliver or Baron Munchausen. Every intelligent person knows, without waiting for truthful and impartial reports to come along, that, however the black troops might have conducted themselves, there can be no reason for this continuous, insulting disparagement of the whites.

The Radicals, who originate these stories for well-known political objects, will find that they are handling a weapon that cuts both ways, for nothing would be so likely to bring about a tremendous reaction against negro troops and their injudicious eulogizers as this class of outrageous libels upon the white soldiers of the Republic.

From the same.

The Tribune talks about "disloyal and snobbish newspapers," indicating that the editor has been led into a serene and pleasant frame of mind by some remarks of ours about the foolish dispatches of officers lauding negro troops at the expense of white troops. We earnestly beseech our contemporary not to be so easily provoked to use the Radical weapons of billingsgate, that it may become a little more sensible and trustworthy. The same dispatch which told so much about the negro troops at Petersburg was full of statements which have since been proved to be untrue. Why then must the negro story alone of all be believed? We took the liberty of doubting that as well as the rest of the dispatch, and the result has proved that we were correct, as far as news has yet come.

We have had so many of these negro troops stories which have been proved false that it is hard to place confidence in any Washington telegram about the colored brother. The Fort Wagner assault, over which *The Tribune* and its friends wept barrels of tears, was a hoax. The negro troops on that occasion never approached within many hundred feet of the parapet on which they were represented as fighting. So it has been with a dozen other cases. We beg the refined and gentlemanly *Tribune* to bethink itself that calling people disloyal and snobbish will not make the negro soldiers story any better than it is, or turn black into white. The danger is that the editor, who indulges in such language, may hurt his own standing and character. We should be sorry to see *The Tribune* reduce itself below its present reputation, and therefore take leave to advise calmness on irritating subjects, and a judicious course of truth about the negro, by way of a change of climate.

Selections.

THE TWO PLATFORMS.

From The Independent.

WE gave last week some editorial notes concerning the temper of the Baltimore Convention, which adopted its resolutions by a unanimous vote. We now add that this unanimity was the more remarkable in view of the radical character of these utterances, which are beyond any point of anti-slavery commitment hitherto reached by any political Convention known to American history—not excepting the unrepresentative Convention lately held at Cleveland.

We can see neither the wisdom, the statesmanship, nor the radicalism of the singular position assumed by the Cleveland platform that slavery is already dead. It is well to say, for rhetorical emphasis, that the shot at Sumter destroyed slavery; but many things are destroyed rhetorically that afterward, like Daniel Webster, still live. William Pitt had a habit of eloquently overthrowing Napoleon, amid the cheers of Parliament, only to be at last brought to his grave by Napoleon's unceasing victories. The Cleveland Convention, sitting in May, knowing that the Fugitive Slave law was still unrepealed, knowing that Congress had refused to vote for an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery, knowing that the proclamation of Emancipation, even without its confessed dependence upon a doubtful Supreme Court, reaches only three million slaves, while one million still remain legally unreleased—knowing all these things, nevertheless voted to say that slavery was already destroyed. But it was not dead then: it is not dead now: it may not be dead in twenty years. When Alexander the Great was reported dead, the reply was, "No, else the whole world would smell of the carcass." We claim that it is an unmanly treatment of the slavery question to get rid of it by jauntily saying that slavery is already destroyed—as if the question were one which could now be safely put aside—as if Banquo's ghost would not reappear. Is this a wise position for radicals to take? It is just the position taken not long ago by James Brooks, Copperhead, in a speech in Congress! They who wish to see slavery perpetuated would be glad to have all other men believe it now extinct. They would be glad to see no further effort made to destroy it. The Cleveland platform calls slavery destroyed, and asks that the Constitution shall forbid its reëstablishment; but if the Constitution could of itself put forth this amendment to-morrow morning, as a stalk puts forth a bud, the land would be full of cavils as to how far slavery had already been destroyed, and therefore how far slavery, already established, would elude the ban against its reëstablishment. The Cleveland Convention spreads a grave-cloth over a giant not dead but sleeping, who may spring up at any moment with a weapon in his hand. If slavery has come to its death, we are not among the tear-shedders—only we hold with Montaigne that "the deadest deaths are best." A cat may suffer eight deaths and still have one life; and, as slavery is harder to kill than a cat, we are sorry that the Cleveland Convention should have dealt a blow only to wound and not to slay.

The Baltimore Convention, instead of saying that "the rebellion has virtually destroyed slavery," says just the opposite, namely, that "the national safety demands its utter and complete extirpation." This is the sensible view. This, we believe, is the view which would have been taken by the Cleveland Convention, had not that body, in making its platform, sought to use a cunning form of words which the coming Democratic Convention at Chicago might not deem too heretical to adopt. We suppose that Mr. William Goodell, Mr. Stephen S. Foster, Mr. Parker Pillsbury, and Mr. Henry T. Cheever had no thought at Cleveland, and have no thought now, of making an alliance with the Democracy. But Mr. Fremont and Mr. Cochrane, the Cleveland candidates, show no blush at playing their cards for the Chicago nomination.

We reject the anti-slavery position of the Cleveland platform as one unworthy of the greatness of the case, and unworthy of those good men in the Convention who, while there, seem to have strangely lost the warning voices with which they have been accustomed to speak elsewhere. For instance, in the month of May, in New York, Mr. Stephen S. Foster charged upon the United States government the guilt of holding one million slaves in bonds; and yet, in the same month of May, at Cleveland, he unites in putting forth a statement that slavery is already dead! Mr. Goodell, who edits a paper which insists equally upon the guiltiness of the government in still being the slaveholder of one-fourth of the entire body of slaves, and who, with Dr. Cheever, has always scouted the idea of amending the Constitution (that instrument being, in their view, sufficiently anti-slavery without amendment), gave up at Cleveland both these old positions, declaring in their place—first, that slavery is destroyed, and, second, that the Constitution should be amended! The noble and eminent name of Wendell Phillips—a man for whom our respect is as profound as for any man in America—is borrowed to add a lustre to this so-called radical nomination. But we believe that Mr. Phillips knows only half the intent of the Cleveland Convention, and that, if he knew the other half, he would instantly withdraw from its support. That Convention, in the minds of its chief managers and most interested parties, was simply *the first caucus of the coming Chicago Convention.* A few noble-minded men and women, by their presence or by letter, contributed their influence to the meeting, because, in view of the unsatisfactory progress of the war and of general public affairs during the present Administration, they thought a change of administration would profit the country. This view has been held by many thoughtful minds outside of that Convention. It has had its utterance in many faithful presses. We ourselves would have preferred, for the next four years, a more complete change of Administration than the Baltimore Convention has provided for—though that Convention has already provided that its candidate, in accepting its platform, must make changes in his Cabinet. But when we are asked to take the Cleveland platform with its inadequate anti-slavery position, and its candidates with their uncommendable political designs, in exchange for the Baltimore platform with its greater explicitness, and its candidates with their surer honesty, we respectfully decline. We refuse to make ourselves an ally, in any way, directly or indirectly, with the so-called Democratic party. There are now three Democracies —the War Democracy, the Radical Democracy, and the Peace Democracy. We believe that the larger and better part of the War Democracy will join itself before November to the one great party of the Union, leaving the Radical and Peace Democracies to join themselves in a fellowship of the earthen and the iron pot, the one to break and the other to sink, and both to go to the bottom of Salt river.

Our chief regret in view of the Cleveland Convention is, that it has unhappily led a number of excellent friends of the Good Cause into a snare. The spirit of its leaders has become more apparent since the Convention than before. Among respectable American journals, not one, in any quarter, seems to us so entirely unpatriotic, bitter, and malignant as *The New Nation*—Mr. Fremont's special organ, on which, we are told, he has already spent twenty thousand dollars in printing extra copies for gratuitous circulation. "*There is so little difference*," says this organ, "*between this party*," that is, the party formed at Cleveland, "*and the Democracy*," that is, the party to meet at Chicago, "*that it would be easy to adopt a common ticket.*" True! BUT THERE IS TOO MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND THE GREAT UNION PARTY TO ADOPT A COMMON TICKET. Mr. Vallandigham himself is a delegate to Chicago. When Mr. Fremont proposes to sit down with Mr. Vallandigham for the making of a common ticket, it is time for Mr. Fremont's friends of 1856 to rise in a common opposition.

Those well-known Abolitionists identified with the Cleveland movement—and whose sincerity and uprightness we do not for a moment question—have unwittingly placed themselves in a false position, where their influence is working against the best interests of the country, and is bringing a lamentable discredit upon themselves. All that we ask of them is, that they shall narrowly watch the development of this Cleveland stratagem, and be convinced of their error by the unhappy facts of the case, as these shall day by day be evolved.

So far as the movement was an honest, conscientious, single-minded protest against an inadequate Administration, it was entitled to the highest respect; for, so far, it would have stood in a similar attitude with the old Liberty party, or the Free Soil party, or the Gerrit Smith party—a party of conscience, always reputable before God and the world; but when it is as plain as a pike-staff that the managers at Cleveland have been using the names of good men to cover the schemes of bad, of making revenge instead of patriotism their animating spirit, using the name of Liberty as a promise to the ear to be broken to the hope, plotting a coalition with Copperheads to overthrow the loyal party of the North—we denounce it with the righteous indignation which it merits from every loyal soul!

FREE LABOR ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

WE have received a letter from a respectable citizen of New York, who has engaged largely in planting cotton, with the help of free labor on the Mississippi. He is thoroughly satisfied with the experiment and finds that the colored people work—for wages—industriously and intelligently.

He employs about seven hundred hands, and finds no difficulty in managing them under the free-labor system, with wages paid punctually, and proper treatment, such as free workingmen have a right to expect. He has capital enough to carry his enterprise through without embarrassment, and he writes that if he gets but an average crop his returns will be very large.

The question with those who have been engaged in cultivating land by free labor in the South is now, whether they will escape the attacks of the rebels. These, bent upon destroying the repute of the black workmen, and exasperated at the success of the free-labor experiment, do their worst to interfere with it and destroy the fruits of free labor. It is creditable to the enterprise of Northern men that they venture to incur the risks which attend cotton planting on the Mississippi at present. Before long we trust circumstances will enable the government to give some protection to the reëstablishment and prosecution of peaceful free industry in the Southwestern States. Meantime workmen on the plantations ought to be armed and drilled; they will defend themselves if properly organized for defence; they do not lack bravery, as the conduct of our black troops east and west has abundantly shown; and a force of seven hundred men, such as is employed by our correspondent, is quite capable, under a courageous leader, of repulsing the attacks of guerillas.

In Mississippi, as in Missouri, it is probable that for some time to come the agriculturist will have to take his gun into the fields with him, as was done in the old Indian days. Let employers arm their workmen and teach them the use of the rifle. In that way every plantation will become a military station, and the cowardly guerillas, who are assassins, not soldiers, will keep at a respectful distance.—*Evening Post.*

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN TENNESSEE.

THE great outcry against negro suffrage in Tennessee, and the constantly expressed dread of negro equality by those who are "sorter for and sorter not for" the Union cause, make it proper to state a few facts in the history of our State, that will do for candid men to reflect upon when otherwise unemployed. They will learn some facts from our article that rebels and rebel sympathizers would never communicate, and facts, stubborn and notorious, that many of those in sympathy with the rebellion will resolutely deny.

In the convention that formed the first Constitution of Tennessee, the question arose as to who should exercise the right of suffrage in the State. Slaves were held in Tennessee while she was yet a Territory. And a fact not now generally known is this—a majority of the delegates who framed the Constitution were slaveholders. In fixing the qualifications of voters, all "free citizens" were designated as proper persons to vote. An amendment was offered to insert the word "*white*" after the word *free.* This brought up the question of the right of free negroes to vote. The vote was taken upon the amendment which contemplated the exclusion of negroes from the polls, and the amendment was lost by a decided vote. The first Constitution of the State, therefore, declared free negroes to be citizens, and gave them the right of voting, which they exercised for many years, and were electioneered with by our politicians and demagogues for their votes. John Bell, in a closely contested race for Congress in the Nashville District, when he defeated Felix Grundy, owed his election to the votes of free negroes, there being several hundreds in his district.

Andrew Jackson was popular with the negroes on account of his bravery and his eulogy upon negro soldiers at New Orleans; and when he defeated Col. John Williams before the Legislature at Murfreesboro, it was by only seven votes, and these seven votes were gained for Jackson before the people by the negro voters of the Counties sending them.

Gov. Carroll was a very popular man with the negroes, and could come more closely to the thing of uniting their votes than any man in the State. At one of his closely contested elections, a friend of his led a procession of sixty or seventy negroes to the polls at one time, who all voted for the old war-horse.

Hon. Cave Johnson, Postmaster-General under a former Democratic Administration, has been seen, in his early political contests in Tennessee, when he used to serve in Congress, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, leading negroes to the polls, arm in arm. The young scions of Tennessee aristocracy and of Southern chivalry now in the rebel army must permit us to tell them, in frankness, that their fathers used to go to the polls, in this State, and even before they were born, side by side with the black negroes, and vote for Governors, Congressmen, and other civil officers.

But we give another very remarkable case, and we are indebted to the Nashville *Times* for the facts. It is a case that occurred in the election of delegates to the second Constitutional Convention of Tennessee, in the year 1834. It also happened in the County of Wilson, in Middle Tennessee. The notorious *Robert M. Burton*, a lawyer of prominence, a proud slaveholder, and an aristocrat related to the slavocracy of that County. The negroes became alarmed at the proposition made by some of the candidates to disfranchise them in the then approaching Convention to revise the Constitution. Burton ran as the friend of the negroes, and pledged himself to stand by them and advocate their rights. He received something less than four hundred negro votes, while his majority over his competitor was about half that, showing that he was returned to the Convention by negro votes. To his disgrace, Burton betrayed the negroes and voted to disfranchise them. For let it be remembered that negroes were never disfranchised in Tennessee until it was done by the Constitutional Convention of 1835.

The manner in which the State acted under Gov. Harris and his rebel Legislature inclines us to wish it had then been under the control of a *sober, hard-working set of free negroes.* Nay, we have no hesitancy in avowing that we had sooner be governed by *Union negroes* than *disloyal white men.—Brownlow's Knoxville Whig.*

"A LOST LEADER."

From The Herald of Progress.

THE *New Nation* is sad (very) over Wm. Lloyd Garrison's position. The difference of opinion between Messrs. Garrison and Phillips was clearly defined at the late meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Phillips denouncing the Administration and advocating the Fremont movement—Mr. Garrison persisting in a defense of Mr. Lincoln and his policy.

The *New Nation* reviews the proceedings of this Convention at length, and sheds tears over "Garrison fallen!"

We quote the most affecting paragraphs:

"Garrison has fallen. The old man is no longer the prophet whom we revered. Drunk with the wine of political expediency—tasted now for the first time—he has uncovered his nakedness, and made himself the sport of the mob. Some of his sons have covered him reverently; but with a sad heart, and pityingly withal. Some others, like the parasite of the drunken king, too far gone themselves to lift him up, have loyally lain down in the mire at his side."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Another lost leader! God bless him for the noble services he has rendered to all of us. While the progress of truth compels us to leave him where he lies, let us drop a tear on his corse; let us hope that he may even yet arise and renew his youth as an eagle, and again lead the moral hosts to battle." * * *

"Garrison has fallen! 'Let him that standeth take heed!' A tear for the prostrate chief—a salute over his remains—shoulder arms! forward! MARCH!"

If the *New Nation* has gone out of mourning sufficiently to bear with composure one or two questions, we would like to propound them.

Has Garrison consumed all the "wine of political expediency" to be procured in market? Was there not a little of it to be found at the Cleveland Convention? Did or did not William Goodell, Parker Pillsbury, and other staunch old Anti-Slavery and Liberty party men take a drop—and a drop too much —when they nominated that most unscrupulous and slippery politician, John Cochrane, for Vice-President? And do they not need a little more of the same creature to read with satisfaction Fremont's letter of acceptance? After all, whose brain is it that is addled, whose nakedness uncovered? Some sober-minded people think the *New Nation* is crying drunk with a very unsteady voice and most betraying hiccup!

A QUESTION TO BE SETTLED.

THE right of people of color to ride in the cars of our city railroads is, we are glad to be assured, about to be settled by an appeal to the law. The outrages which are so frequently perpetrated have at length aroused the indignation of persons who are determined to have the question decided whether these conveyances are for the public accommodation of all classes, or whether they are to be managed in accordance with the vulgar and cruel prejudices of directors who deny to a portion of the community rights which, as common carriers, they are bound to respect or lose their charters. The circumstances of the case, on which it is proposed to go before the Court, are briefly as follows: On Friday morning last a woman, in deep mourning, evidently in feeble health, but respectable and quiet in demeanor, and lady-like in appearance, took a seat in a car on the Eighth Avenue Railroad. There was nothing objectionable in her but her complexion, and for that she was ordered to leave the car. On declining, and stating why she declined, the conductor rudely seized her and attempted to force her out. Failing to overcome her resistance, he called a policeman to his aid, and one of the force—whose duty it is to preserve order and not break the peace, and who ought for his share in this business to be incontinently dismissed—came to his assistance, and the two men succeeded in thrusting the woman into the street. Some persons, on making further inquiry into the matter, learned that the outraged woman is a Mrs. Ellen Anderson, lately the wife, now the widow, of Sergeant William Anderson of Co. F, 26th Regiment U. S. Colored Troops. The regiment was raised in this city by the Union League Club, and Anderson had been promoted from a private to the rank of Sergeant for good conduct. He was recently drowned at Beaufort while in the discharge of his duty, and his wife had but lately heard of his death. Her statement that she was the widow of a soldier, sick, and in sorrow, should have been enough to stay the hands of the ruffians who maltreated her; it only excited them to insolence. Mrs. Anderson has made an affidavit as to the treatment to which she was compelled to submit, which we here copy:

I, Ellen Anderson, residing at No. 150 West Twenty-ninth street, in the City of New York, being duly sworn, say: Got into car No. 2, Eighth avenue line, at corner of Broadway and Vesey street, while the car was standing there. Had been awaiting fifteen minutes. After I had taken my seat the conductor told me to get out. I said I was sick and wished to ride up home. He said there would be another car along soon and I must get out. I said I had lost my husband in the war and I was sick and wished to ride home. He then took hold of me and I told him not to touch me. He then went out and brought in policeman No. 918, and the policeman said *you* can't ride in this car. I told him what I had told the conductor, that I was sick and wanted to ride home, and I did not know anything about the other car, and that I had as much right to ride in that car as any one; and had a right to ride anywhere when I paid my fare. I told him I had lost my husband in the war, and he said he did not care for me, or my husband either, and that I must get out. The policeman then took hold of me and tried to drag me out. I took hold of one of the straps, and he called the conductor to him. Then they both took hold of me and dragged me out to the street. A gentleman outside said it was a shame, that I had as much right to ride as any one else.

The policeman said he did not care, I should come out. I told him I would report him. He said he did not care, I should come out. There was a large crowd collected.

Signed, ELLEN ANDERSON.
Sworn to before me this 20th day of June, 1864.
Signed, WILLIAM H. RIBLET, Notary Public,
Third avenue, corner Ninth street.

All this occurred on Friday the 17th, the day on which Gen. Smith felt called upon to publicly thank the colored troops under his command for their brave and soldierly conduct in the attack upon Petersburg. It is quite time to settle the question whether the wives and children of the men who are laying down their lives for their country—whether all of a race so many of which are proving their title to their birthright as Americans—are to be treated like dogs. Let the law decide it, and then let those be held amenable who dare to violate it. The sentiment of all decent people is right enough; it only needs to be corrected in that small class who, in July last, hunted the negro to death in the streets of this city, or were in full sympathy with those who perpetrated those enormities, unmatched in the history of any civilized community.—*Tribune.*

THE WAR IN AMERICA.*

From The Bradford (Eng.) Advertiser.

THE war in America is carried on with varying fortune, and will be. With the Old Man of the Sea upon his shoulders in the shape of an incapable Administration, the policy of the sufferer should be to fight as little as he can, till he gets rid of the encumbrance.

The European notions of the connection between means and results are scattered to the winds. It used to be presumed that when there was a certain degree of superiority in the muster rolls of one party, the consequences, in the absence of miracle or accidents that are equivalent, might reasonably be counted on. The expectation had its known expression in Frederic's theory of "the strong battalions." Not but there were ever and anon exceptions to the rule. Frederic's own case was one of them. But in the case in view, there appears little similarity. The friends of slavery have made the dangerous resistance, which garroters would if the chance was given them. But beyond this, there has been nothing on their part to account for their success. They have not, so far as appears, made any new invention in the art of war, or brought anything into the [illegible] which, as was the ancient phrase, should take the opponents "captive through their eyes." They are [illegible]ved to have had more than their share of the educated war-men; and something should be allowed for having lived in a constant state of virtual war with all around them. Men whose waking thoughts were on double barrels and revolvers, might be expected to have certain superiorities over the sons of peace whose lives were passed far from the crack of gun shot.

But the wonder was, that in view of the rest of the board, all this was not got over. Popular opinion is often a magnifier; but it generally knows a flea from an elephant. It may not have been correct in believing the forces which could have been brought into the field against slavery were numerically as two to one; but it has faith in something of the kind. And of this further fact it has no doubt at all—that within the rebel States were a good half of souls and stalwart bodies, looking for the advent of the Northern forces, with eagerness which without danger of being profane it is difficult meetly to describe. What a position for the curious in battle, whether of serious warfare or the mimic contests with which man in all ages has delighted to counterfeit its excitements, to reflect upon and calculate! What a "book" as is the racing phrase, for a lover of the turf to make up!

All this came from one cause; without which it is inexplicable. The soul which was to direct was absent or unwilling. It either could not or would not take the way to remedy. If it was the first, then the body politic was in the condition of the unhappy animal on whom cruel anatomists try the experiment of seeing how long it will live without a brain. If it was the other, then the case is worse, by the difference between no intent at all, and any supposable quantity of malevolent design.

Everything concentrates itself upon the present, as the road to the future. What is done cannot be undone. If a man trembling under the fear of being "hired for life" or any other of the shapes in which the victory of the Slave Power would fall upon him, were forced to risk the counsel which his apprehensions suggest, it would be that cousins in the Northern States should fight as little as they can before November.

* The writer of this article is Lieut.-Gen. Perronet Thompson. We copy it, not because we agree with the writer, but to oblige a friend who does.—*Editor.*

RETALIATION.

WE quoted yesterday, with aproval, the order of Secretary Stanton sending five rebel Generals to be placed under fire in retaliation for five Union Generals exposed by the rebels to the chances of the Charleston bombardment. The government seems to have acted with promptness as well as determination, and will be sustained by the opinion of every loyal man.

But the case suggests a contrast. It is three months since Fort Pillow was captured and its black garrison brutally murdered by the rebels. Can any one point us to an act of retaliation yet attempted on our part? Yet the government stands pledged twice over to complete justice in this question of protecting negro troops. Nearly a year ago, the President issued an order that "for every soldier killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier shall be executed." After the Fort Pillow massacre, he made a speech at Baltimore, declaring that when the facts were ascertained he would act. The Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War has examined the facts and reported. The murders are fully substantiated, are officially brought to the notice of the government. Yet since that report the government, so far as the public knows, has taken no step to redeem the twofold pledge of the President.

Again: the President, by the order above quoted, issued July 30, 1863, defined specifically the character of the retaliation to be put in force. At Baltimore, he said he was yet undecided what measures to adopt. We do not hear that any measures have yet been determined upon.

Meanwhile the black troops are in the field, fighting with unsurpassed bravery. They have, to some extent, acted for themselves on the question of retaliation. Here is an extract from a letter we published yesterday:

"Well," said Gen. Butler's Chief of Staff to a tall sergeant, "you had a pretty tough fight there on the left." "Yes, sir, and we lost a good many good officers and men." "How many prisoners did you take, Sergeant?" "*Not any alive*, sir," was the significant response. Gen. Smith says, 'They don't give my Provost-Marshal the *least trouble*, and I don't believe they contribute toward filling any of our hospitals with rebel wounded."

The same account was given of Gen. Burnside's colored division in the Spottsylvania battles. They took no prisoners alive. Nor is it possible to deny that the black troops are legally and morally right. They are fighting against an enemy who shows them no quarter; by the laws of war they are entitled to refuse quarter; by the higher law of self-preservation they are bound to refuse it. The government meanwhile does nothing to meliorate this condition of affairs. On the distinct issue presented to us by the proclamation of Jefferson Davis more than a year and a half ago, and since steadily put in practice by his officers and soldiers, we have not yet made up our minds. Is it strange that the war becomes murderous? It will cease to be so when the government enforces that protection of negro troops which it has promised them. Until it does, what title has it to ask—much less to compel—military service from the blacks?—*Tribune.*

THE LAST LETTER OF JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

THE WORDS OF AN HONEST MAN.

Communicated for The Tribune.

MONTREAL, May 23, 1864.

DEAR WASHBURNE: I see that you spoke and voted against the bill for compensating a claimant for certain buildings destroyed by our troops in Virginia to prevent their falling into the hands of and being used by the rebels. I know the difficulties under which members of Congress labor in regard to private claims. They have not time to examine the history of our legislation on that subject. Yet the manner in which the action of Congress is *corrupting the morals of the nation* is most alarming. I verily believe that our government is in greater danger from this system of legislating on private claims than from the Confederate armies. I read in the New York papers of yesterday the case of Kohnstamm, convicted of forging claims to the amount of $200,000, which the people have to pay. Almost every lawyer in the nation is employed in pressing private claims upon government. Even ex-Senators do not blush when publishing to the world that they have formed copartnerships in various cities, combining great talents and extensive influence, for pressing claims upon the consideration of government. Nine-tenths of these claims, I hesitate not in saying, are neither legal nor just against the people, *and their payment is a sheer robbery of the Treasury for the benefit of men most of whom are base speculators.* I speak the convictions of my own judgment, after more than twenty years of study and practical observation. I have been myself deceived. I well recollect a case which I, as Chairman of the Committee on Claims, reported against. At the next session the proofs were perfect. I could see no defect. I reported a bill for paying the claim, but before the bill came for hearing a messenger came to me with a note from the claimant, saying he was on his *death bed* —that the proofs were from perjured witnesses, procured for the purpose of sustaining a fraudulent claim, and he wished me to withdraw the paper, as he could not die in peace until that was done. Now, sir, with the immense war claims, and innumerable claim agents forming a general conspiracy to filch money from the Treasury, I can see no hope for the people but to return to the doctrines and practices of the founders of the government in regard to private claims as well as to general principles.

As long ago as 1818 the Committee on Claims reported against continuing the act of 1816 in force, as the establishing of claims under it *had "greatly corrupted the morals of the nation"*; and they assert: "It is the duty of good governments to attend to the morals of the people as a matter of *primary concern.*" "Whenever," say the Committee, "a law holds out temptations to fraud, *forgery, or perhaps* PERJURY, it becomes a matter of doubtful propriety." Since that time the temptations held out by Congress to the commission of these crimes are a hundred fold greater than in 1818, and these crimes are increased in an equal ratio. But my attention was called to this subject particularly by the vote of the House of Representatives in favor of paying for certain cabins in Virginia destroyed by our troops. If the destruction were *unnecessary*, the men who destroyed them committed a crime for which they should be punished; but who will suppose that such crime could give the owners of the cabins *a claim upon the people?*

If the destruction were necessary to prevent the rebels from using the property, the owner ought to have applied the torch himself, and not to have waited for our officers to do it. If he omitted to burn his own buildings in such case, he must have preferred to have the rebels enjoy them, for which he should be *hanged*, instead of being paid. But he now asks Congress to pay him the value of the buildings, *because the rebels were not permitted to enjoy them.* In the earlier and better days of the Republic such a claim

would not have been listened to patiently. Many of our people have paid out more money to carry on this war, over and above taxes of every description, than these claims were worth. That money is lost to the individual by reason of the war. The pecuniary losses of those men are greater than the loss of this claimant. These men have friends, neighbors, nephews, and sons in the service, many of whom have already died, and the loss of those who live is, perhaps, one hundred fold greater than this claimant's. Shall these men who suffer death be compensated? Shall those who lose their time, their property—shall the orphans rendered such by this war be compensated for their loss? No man ever thought of asking it! No legislation of Congress could do it. Nor do we complain. We meet these evils cheerfully and patriotically. *But we shall complain if, in addition to all our trials and losses, Congress taxes the children and orphans, the fathers, brothers, and widows of our deceased soldiers, to compensate this Virginian for the loss of his cabins; and posterity will curse the memory of those who contribute their influence to swell our national debt and corrupt the morals of the people by such legislation.*

Excuse me if I speak in strong language. Slavery is the acknowledged cause of this rebellion. Virginia was a slaveholding State; her people were all supporters of slavery, and it were a moral impossibility for a State or an individual who supports slavery at the same time to be loyal supporters of *a free government*. It were a contradiction in terms to make the assertion. This man and his State have contributed their influence to bring about this rebellion. In consequence of the rebellion the cabins were destroyed, and he now asks the people of Pennsylvania and other free States to pay him for the obvious sequence of his own wicked action. I notice that members in argument asserted that he ought to *receive pay*. I deny the assertion; but, supposing he be in justice entitled to pay for his loss, I ask, *from whom shall the pay come?* The answer of every one is, "*The rebels who caused the war!*" But who will point out the justice of taking money from the pockets of men who have been constant in their labor for twenty years to avoid the war, and hand it over to men who have *exerted their influence to bring on the war!*

I am aware that men will say this is a *sectional argument*. I reply, it is the essential doctrine of State rights which every Virginian has held to from the commencement of the government; but I use it in this instance as illustrative of the policy laid down by Hamilton, and adopted by Congress in 1792: That "*no government is bound by the laws or usages of nations to compensate its citizens for losses by the ravages of war;* yet as some compensation may be dictated by principles of humanity when *the party is rendered indigent*, and as such losses are best known to the people of the State in which the individuals live, it may be proper to refer the subject to the several States, to make such compensation, *at their own expense*, as they may deem proper." I quote from memory, but you will find this to be nearly the words of Hamilton. The proposition was adopted; the several States took the subject into their own hands, and in no instance was such a claim as that I have alluded to ever allowed. You will find the true rule laid down in the case of Frothingham, reported in State Papers, Vol. Claims. In that case the buildings were burned by our troops, but compensation was refused upon the just, the only proper ground, that *losses by the ravages of war are never to be compensated*. But I am sure the people of the free States will justify Congress in referring this case from Virginia to the Legislature of that State, *to make compensation at their own expense*, as they may deem proper.

I commenced this letter with an intention of addressing you a series of essays upon the subject of "*claims*," but I find my feelings too deeply interested. I dare not finish this letter, as every effort which calls up the emotions of former times endangers my life. I must forbear, with this single remark, that you have before you only one remedy for the evils alluded to. No reform short of a return to the doctrines and practice from 1789 to 1800 will be of any permanent avail.

Having said this, I close, by remarking that, in my opinion, I cannot say more without danger.

May God bless you and every man who labors intelligently for our country.

Ever faithfully, JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

Hon. E. B. WASHBURNE.

MARYLAND A FREE STATE.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

BALTIMORE June 25, 1864.

LET the 24th day of June, 1864, be noted in the calendar of time as the day of freedom for the slave in the State of Maryland.

Yesterday the Convention assembled at Annapolis to make a new Constitution for the State, abolished human slavery forever in Maryland by a vote of fifty three to twenty-seven. The absentees were all friends of the measure, and will be allowed to record their votes in its favor, which will bring the phalanx of freedom up to sixty-one—more than two to one. This vote was taken on the thirty-ninth day of the session of the Convention—an auspicious coincidence. The white oppressor for nearly two hundred years has flagelated the bare backs of his unresisting victims with nine and thirty lashes. Freedom, in nine and thirty days, has lashed the life out of slavery, and the monster dies the death of the felon.

There is joy this day in thousands of lowly cabins, on the slave farms and plantations, and in the huts by the wayside in this State, where the black man and black woman and their black children are huddled together. The chains at one blow fell from their bruised limbs. The blacks of our city walk erect to-day on the streets, and gratitude and joy beam from their sparkling eyes. There is universal satisfaction among these patient sufferers from the white man's oppression, and the white friends of abolition are just as glad.

The next work of the Convention is to pass the article forbidding the Legislature ever to pass any law for compensating the slaveholder for the loss of his slave now set free by the supreme act of the community, and it will pass by the same vote as that by which slavery was abolished. These glorious things done, then will come the dead point to be overcome. Will the Convention cover the black man with the shield of the Constitution, by making it the charter of the rights and liberties of "persons," or will they confine the charter to "free white persons" only?

THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

MR. LINCOLN'S ACCEPTANCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, June 14, 1864.

HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN—*Sir:* The National Union Convention, which assembled in Baltimore on June 7, 1864, has instructed us to inform you that you were nominated with enthusiastic unanimity for the Presidency of the United States for four years from the 4th of March next.

The resolutions of the Convention, which we have already had the honor of placing in your hands, are a full and clear statement of the principles which inspired its action, and which, as we believe, the great body of Union men in the country heartily approve. Whether those resolutions express the national gratitude to our soldiers and sailors; or the national scorn of compromise with rebels, and consequent dishonor; or the patriotic duty of Union and success; whether they aprove the proclamation of Emancipation, the Constitutional Amendment, the employment of former slaves as Union soldiers, or the solemn obligation of the government promptly to redress the wrongs of every soldier of the Union, of whatever color or race; whether they declare the inviolability of the pledged faith of the nation, or offer the national hospitality to the oppressed of every land, or urge the union by railroad of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; whether they recommend public economy and vigorous taxation, or assert the fixed popular opposition to the establishment by armed force of foreign monarchies in the immediate neighborhood of the United States, or declare that those only are worthy of official trust who approve unreservedly the views and policy indicated in the resolutions—they were equally hailed with the heartiness of profound conviction.

Believing with you, sir, that this is the people's war for the maintenance of a government which you have justly described as "of the people, by the people, for the people," we are very sure that you will be glad to know, not only from the resolutions themselves, but from the singular harmony and enthusiasm with which they were adopted, how warm is the popular welcome of every measure in the prosecution of the war, which is as vigorous, unmistakable, and unfaltering as the national purpose itself. No right, for instance, is so precious and sacred to the American heart as that of personal liberty. Its violation is regarded with just, instant, and universal jealousy. Yet in this hour of peril every faithful citizen concedes that, for the sake of national existence and the common welfare, individual liberty may, as the Constitution provides in case of rebellion, be sometimes summarily constrained, asking only with painful anxiety that in every instance, and to the least detail, that absolutely necessary power shall not be hastily or unwisely exercised.

We believe, sir, that the honest will of the Union men of the country was never more truly represented than in this Convention. Their purpose we believe to be the overthrow of armed rebels in the field, and the security of permanent peace and union by liberty and justice under the Constitution. That these results are to be achieved amid cruel perplexities, they are fully aware. That they are to be reached only by cordial unanimity of counsel, is undeniable. That good men may sometimes differ as to the means and the time, they know. That in the conduct of all human affairs the highest duty is to determine, in the angry conflict of passion, how much good may be practically accomplished, is their sincere persuasion. They have watched your official course, therefore, with unflagging attention; and amid the bitter taunts of eager friends and the fierce denunciation of enemies, now moving too fast for some, now too slowly for others, they have seen you throughout this tremendous contest patient, sagacious, faithful, just; leaning upon the heart of the great mass of the people, and satisfied to be moved by its mighty pulsations.

It is for this reason that, long before the Convention met, the popular instinct had plainly indicated you as its candidate; and the Convention, therefore, merely recorded the popular will. Your character and career prove your unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles of American liberty and of the American Constitution. In the name of that liberty and Constitution, sir, we earnestly request your acceptance of this nomination; reverently commending our beloved country, and you, its Chief Magistrate, with all its brave sons who, on sea and land, are faithfully defending the good old American cause of equal rights, to the blessing of Almighty God.

We are, sir, very respectfully, your friends and fellow citizens, WILLIAM DENNISON, Ohio, Chairman.

[We omit the signatures of the other members of the Committee, 31 in number, representing each a State or Territory.]

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, June 27, 1864.

Hon. WILLIAM DENNISON and others, a Committee of the National Union Convention:

GENTLEMEN: Your letter of the 14th inst., formally notifying me that I have been nominated by the Convention you represent for the Presidency of the United States for four years from the 4th of March next has been received. The nomination is gratefully accepted, as the resolutions of the Convention—called the platform—are heartily approved.

While the resolution in regard to the supplanting of Republican government upon the Western continent is fully concurred in, there might be misunderstanding were I not to say that the position of the government in relation to the action of France in Mexico as assumed through the State Department and indorsed by the Convention among the measures and acts of the Executive, will be faithfully maintained so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable.

I am especially gratified that the soldier and the seaman were not forgotten by the Convention, as they forever must and will be remembered by the grateful country for whose salvation they devote their lives.

Thanking you for the kind and complimentary terms in which you have communicated the nomination and other proceedings of the Convention, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

Notice.—The usual Fourth of July Celebration, at Framingham Grove, by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will not take place this year.

MARYLAND FREE!

THE twenty-fourth day of last month will be one memorable in the annals of Maryland and of the United States. On that day the Constitutional Convention of that State voted to insert in the Bill of Rights the following Article:

"HEREAFTER IN THIS STATE THERE SHALL BE NEITHER SLAVERY NOR INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE, EXCEPT IN PUNISHMENT OF CRIME, WHEREOF THE PARTY SHALL HAVE BEEN DULY CONVICTED; AND ALL PERSONS HELD TO SERVICE OR LABOR AS SLAVES ARE HEREBY DECLARED FREE."

And this by a vote of fifty-three to twenty-seven. We are not sure whether or not this action of the Convention is final, or whether it is to be ratified by a popular vote before becoming the fundamental law of the land. But in either case the fact is an accomplished one. For the proportional vote of the people on the question would be at least as strong in favor of Emancipation as that in the Convention. The way has been so strangely prepared before it for this event that its occurrence does not strike the mind at once with the astonishment which should justly belong to it. Who could have believed it possible, had it been foretold as to happen so soon, on the day when the Massachusetts Sixth had to fight its way through Baltimore? No State, scarcely South Carolina herself, seemed then so wedded to slavery, so fanatical in creed and conduct, as "my Maryland," whose woes were wailed forth wherever a Northern piano tinkled in the narrowing realm of Rebeldom. Maryland has had a severe education, but she has profited by it and will be grateful for it the longest day she has to live. She is probably as much surprised at the deliverance which she has accomplished for herself, almost in her own despite, as we are. To all outward appearance slavery was as firmly established within her borders three years ago, as anywhere within the slave States, and now it has vanished into nothingness. It is a thing to marvel at and to rejoice over, both for what is done and for what is foretold—for the history and the prophecy that are involved in this event.

In the first place this is an actual and permanent acquisition on the side of liberty, whatever may be the end of this Rebellion. Supposing that the rebels should succeed in worrying us out into a recognition of their independence, this fruit of the war would remain to us. We do not make much account of anti-slavery action in Louisiana, Arkansas, or Tennessee even, or wherever it is had under the protection of our bayonets. Should the fortunes of war be adverse and those States be absorbed again in the rebel domain, any such action, of course, would go for nothing, and slavery would be reëstablished and endure as long as it should endure anywhere. But Maryland is secure for freedom, by her own free will, not by any compulsion or persuasion from without. For we suppose it will not be denied that this movement has received no encouragement from the General government, which would have checked and deferred it here as it did the analogous one in Missouri if it could have done so. It is one of the most cheerful circumstances about this anti-slavery victory that the campaign was carried on by force of the public sentiment of the State itself, developed under great discouragements and reduced to practice in the face of the bitterest opposition. Society was cleft in twain by the violence of this upheaving. Families were divided, friendships broken off, acquaintanceships severed, and all the foundations of the social state shaken. And out of all this confusion there has issued the conviction on the part of two-thirds of the inhabitants, to judge from the vote in the Convention, that slavery was the source of all their misfortunes and must be destroyed utterly and forever. And hence has proceeded this fundamental change in the institutions of the State. It is evident that a strong undercurrent of anti-slavery feeling must have existed all along, beneath the superficial unanimity of slaveholding despotism, since so large a majority could be found so soon to check and change the direction of the current. This is a most hopeful sign of the possibility of a comparatively speedy subsidence of the effervescence of conflicting passions and interests which must supervene upon so radical a revolution as the abolition of slavery in every slaveholding community, whether that revolution proceed from within or from without.

Again, the success of this revolution in Maryland will doubtless disarm the opposition in high places to the movement in favor of Immediate Emancipation in Missouri. It is not to be supposed that the obstacles which were thrown by the government in the way of the tide of public sentiment there which would have swept slavery out of that State first of all, were so interposed in the interest of slavery in the abstract. The motives of that inexcusable interference are doubtless to be found in ingrained prejudice in favor of gradual emancipation, in inborn prejudice against the negroes as competent to take charge of themselves without some intermediacy of apprenticeship, and possibly in apprehensions of the effect which any active, or even permissive, agency in favor of Emancipation might have upon votes at the Presidential election. But now that Maryland has carried her point and abolished slavery at once, without apprenticeship and without compensation, there can exist no longer any reason for impeding the progress of any other State in the same direction. The experiment will have been fully tried. That no disturbance of the peace and of the order of society will ensue we know, and that the prosperity of Maryland will receive an onward impulse, and that at once, we are equally well assured. Free labor, and capital, its creature and its master, will begin at once to flow in the direction of the newly enfranchised soil. Old industries will be revived and new ones introduced. The stimulus of wages and of the chance of improving their condition and that of their children will breathe a new life into the old slave population, while white labor will pour in to share the new prosperity, as soon as the brand is effaced from its brow. It is hardly too much to say that this one result would be a sufficient recompense for the cost of the war, one of the consequences of which it is. For the breaking of a single link in the chain of slave States would be a fatal breach of the continuity of the whole. Hence the despotic vigilance with which the slave-masters guarded against any, the least, motion towards discussion, even among the masters themselves, looking towards emancipation. It was an idea not to be endured, even in speculation. But once reduced to practice and made part of the polity of any one of their charmed circle of States, the shell would be broken and the end would have been begun. Missouri, of course, will imitate the example of Maryland as soon as she has the chance, and it is not unlikely that even Kentucky will see that slavery is doomed and that it will be best to yield gracefully what she cannot long retain. Yes, we are not afraid to affirm it, the voluntary emancipation which the war has caused in Maryland, and will cause in Missouri, would be well bought at all its cost. For so nicely balanced a system as slavery could not stand after two such props had been removed from under it.

But the war will be crowned with much larger victories than these. The precious blood which has been poured out on so many battle-fields, and which is reserved for others yet to come, will not have been shed in vain. The desperation of persistency with which the Rebellion maintains itself is a proof that its leaders know that all for which they have promoted it is now in the extremest peril. The war is not to be suddenly ended. Even the fall of Richmond would only remove it to a remoter field of operations. But the spirit of the people is now too strong to be resisted by rebels in the field or by traitors at home. The time for favorable terms is gone by. No skill of diplomacy, we think, can now give even a reprieve to the fatal guilty cause of all our woes. Slavery must die. Perhaps it will die even by the hands that have been steeped in blood to preserve it, if thereby their resistance to the arms of the nation can be prolonged. And when we say that slavery must die, we mean that it must die with the Rebellion, if not before. Of course, it could not have long survived it, under the most indulgent treatment. But Emancipation in the Border States would render this speedy ending absolutely certain. There would be no resisting such a contagion. We rejoice doubly, therefore, in the voluntary emancipation which Maryland has made at once of her slaves and of herself. With the influence of the Administration thrown into the scale of Abolition, certainly Missouri, and, probably, Kentucky can be placed alongside of her. And whenever victory empowers the government to deal finally with the rebels, nothing will strengthen its hands more than the fact that no slave disgraces by his chains a single loyal State.

FREMONT AND COCHRANE RATIFICATION MEETING IN NEW YORK.

THE New York supporters of the Cleveland platform and candidates held their "ratification" meeting at the Cooper Institute on Monday evening. The hour appointed for the meeting was 8 o'clock, at which time the hall was but little more than half full; the organization was therefore delayed half an hour, during which time the audience increased somewhat. After the proceedings commenced, the hall was gradually filled, and finally crowded. The hall was very handsomely decorated with flags and mottoes. The anti-slavery mottoes, however, were comparatively few and obscure, while those proclaiming the Copperhead planks of the Cleveland platform were numerous and prominent.

Edward Gilbert, Esq., presided. The list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries embraced no person of any political weight or prominence. The only names therein known to us as Abolitionists were Dr. Henry A. Hartt (whom we should as soon have expected to see on the Mozart Hall platform with Fernando Wood), Thomas C. Treadwell, Rev. S. R. Davis (a prominent member of Dr. Cheever's Church), Rev. William Goodall, Wm. J. Demoreat and D. H. Plumb. All these, as well as the Chairman, have been prominent heretofore as the advocates of the doctrine that the Constitution contains no pro-slavery provision or clause, and that the Federal government has power to abolish slavery in the States, in peace no less than in war. But neither in the mottoes emblazoned on the walls, nor in the resolutions or speeches, was there even a hint at this fundamental doctrine of the class of Abolitionists referred to! They seem either to have utterly renounced their long-vaunted principles, or to have consented to waive them as an obstacle to the union they seek with the Copperhead Democracy!

The resolutions offered and adopted recited and reaffirmed, in the first place, the Cleveland platform, and then enlarged, not upon the anti-slavery clauses of that platform, but upon the "planks" which were intended to please the negro-hating Democracy.

Dr. Orestes A. Brownson was the first speaker. In the introductory portion of his speech he said: "I have this to say, and let it be my confession, that in 1856 I voted for Buchanan (loud cheers and some hisses). That was bad enough, but in 1860 I did a far worse thing—I voted for Abraham Lincoln. Having been twice wrong, I do not mean to be wrong a third time. My first object is to save the integrity of this nation—to save the Union, and the Constitution which has made its strength and its glory. I am ready to support any party or any man who will defeat Abraham Lincoln. [A Voice—Horatio Seymour?] Yes, or Vallandigham (immense cheering); or Fernando Wood (loud cheers)." At another point in his speech Dr. Brownson said of McClellan that he was a very respectable man and that the blunders and failures of his successors had made his military administration respectable! He (Dr. Brownson) was a strong anti-slavery man, and he had uttered his anti-slavery sentiments in Charleston, Louisville, St. Louis and other southern cities in 1856, eliciting great applause. Indeed he found more genuine abolition in the South than he ever had at the North! [This was in 1856, when he voted for Buchanan!] There were higher duties than to free the slave. He held the Union as more important than slavery (cries of "Good"). When the agitation of the slavery question endangered the Union, he opposed it. In his heart, the Union question was first; for, if the liberty of the white man is lost, you lose the liberty of the black man whose liberty is to be asserted. He was in favor of preserving the country, and if it could be better done with George B. McClellan as the Presidential candidate, in God's name let him be nominated!

Of course the above is not a report of Dr. Brownson's speech, but only a collection of some of its gems.

The next speaker was introduced as a War Democrat from Missouri—Hon. M. C. Claiborne. He avowed himself a member of the Democratic party from his youth to this very day, and said he had been appointed a delegate to the Chicago Convention. He contended that the Democratic party had always been and was still faithful to the Union. The assertion that it was disloyal was utterly false. He denounced President Lincoln as a tyrant, and compared him to Nero! There were some things in the Cleveland platform [evidently alluding to the anti-slavery planks] that he could not swallow as readily as he would a mint julep, but if it could be shown that Fremont was the candidate to beat Lincoln, where was the Democrat that would not wade knee deep in blood in order to vote for him? Lincoln had made himself peculiarly obnoxious to the South; we wanted a President who would draw the Southern people back into the Union. Give the South a platform, a bridge upon which they can once more rejoin us, and they will accept it. That platform is the Cleveland platform, and the great plank of that platform which will be gladly accepted is the Monroe doctrine. Say to the South "run down your few stars and bars, and once more run up the bright galaxy of stars, and let us drive from the continent all kings, and emperors, and potentates" (cheers). That will be the talisman to touch the whole Southern heart (cheers), when once they learn that you have driven A. Lincoln from the Presidency of the States. The election of Lincoln had caused the rebellion, all his measures had served to widen the breach, and the Union would never be restored while he was in power.

John Cochrane was the last speaker. He said: Gentlemen are here to-night to support their favorites. From yonder direction I hear the name of George B. McClellan (tremendous cheering, lasting for some time, gentlemen rising in their seats and swinging their hats). From another quarter I hear the name of John C. Fremont (cheers, but not so loud nor so hearty as those for McClellan). The two men are TWIN CHERRIES ON ONE STEM (immense cheering, and cries of "That's it! that's it!").

Dr. Brownson alluded briefly to slavery, but mainly to scout the Emancipation proclamation as not worth a fig, and in connection with the harshest censures of the President. From anything said by the other speakers you would not have known that there was or ever had been a slave in the land. Nor did any of them heartily denounce the rebellion and its authors. The whole sum and substance of their speeches was the same as that of speeches in other Copperhead assemblies, denunciation of the President for his arbitrary arrests, interference with freedom of the press, habeas corpus, right of asylum, etc. The loudest cheers for any man were those for McClellan. There was not a word approving the bravery and skill of Gen. Grant, or a single wish expressed for his success. His name was not even mentioned! Indeed the whole spirit of the meeting was such as to give not pain but pleasure to the negro-hating Democracy, who constituted the great bulk of the audience.

Such was the meeting, the Chairman of which was but lately an Abolitionist of the type of Dr. Cheever, and of which William Goodell and Dr. Henry A. Hartt were among the Vice-Presidents! It was a spectacle such as we never expected to witness, and which we hope we may never witness again.

LETTER FROM DR. BROOKE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THAT noble vessel, the American Anti-Slavery Society, has heretofore ploughed gracefully and gloriously the broad ocean of philanthropy, freighted with the noblest blessings for all mankind, though nominally chartered only in the interests of the most degraded and oppressed. Every favoring breeze lifted her cheerily on her way; the most threatening gales, which were sent by popular hatred and fury to overwhelm her, were, by the skill of her mariners, made subservient to her successful voyage, and when a portion of her crew turned mutinous, and sought to scuttle her, she proved invulnerable to their arts, and rose to the performance of her Heavenly mission with vigor more triumphant than before. As her experience in the past, so shall it prove in the future, if kept in the safe waters for which alone she was constructed.

I wish to ask the attention of those who love and admire her, and who esteem it a privilege to assist in her navigation, to the evidences which are accumulating that some of those who originally manned her, and claim a prescriptive right in directing her course, are now endeavoring to pilot her from the wide sea of her success into the putrid and polluting pool of partisanship, where shipwreck inevitably awaits her. I pass over a great part of what must have attracted the attention and pained the hearts of those who have not yet become partisans themselves, to dwell briefly on one or two incidents.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention, to which the eyes of Abolitionists everywhere have instinctively turned for light, convened in Boston, May 26th. Though it may readily have proved impossible to exclude the entrance and expression of partisan feelings during its discussions, the whole expression of sentiment of the Convention certainly might and ought to have been put upon record. It will be seen, in its published proceedings, that Mr. Pillsbury offered certain resolutions, which, though unacceptable to a portion of the Convention, were eventually passed, after the endeavor to procure a different result by the substitution of others in their place. The published record failed, by accident it would appear, to contain them; but is it possible to believe that in the better days of our movement, such an accident would not have been remedied, and historical truth vindicated by their after publication? Yet to day, though earnest to know their import, and what were the sentiments, important or otherwise, which the Convention adopted, I am utterly ignorant thereof, and with me are all those Abolitionists at a distance who have to rely for their knowledge upon the published transactions of the Society! What *was* published fairly conveys the impression that these have been suppressed for partisan purposes.

Another evidence of danger may be found in the article in THE STANDARD of the 18th inst., entitled, "The Cleveland Convention and its Candidates." After quoting the whole platform of the party, and even repeating that portion of it which declares the object to be to "secure to all men absolute equality before the law," the writer affirms: "Nor do we find a word in this lofty anti-slavery platform indicating a purpose, or even a desire, to give the black man a right to vote."

Could anything short of extreme partisanship have thus obscured the vision of eyes which once saw clearly? What more has the most ultra-Abolitionist ever claimed for the negro than "absolute equality before the law"? What more could he claim, unless it be compensation for past services of the slave, a question of justice hitherto never raised because evidently impracticable, and beyond solution. The greater ever includes the less, and the Cleveland platform on the subject of slavery includes all that could be asked, whilst that at Baltimore neither dared nor desired to put in a claim for the equal rights of the negro.

Let me not be understood as practising what I condemn. In pointing out this injustice done to the Cleveland Convention, I have no wish that a single vote shall be cast for its candidates. My object is simply to indicate whither we are tending, the dangers which are surrounding us—and to exhort those embarked in our different organizations to save our Societies, if we can, but at any rate to save ourselves individually, from the threatened contamination of political partisanship. One may, to preserve a seeming consistency, refuse to vote, and yet be found in personal effort and efficient influence as deep in political mire, as sadly shorn of moral strength, as the veriest partisan of them all. I would like to enlarge, but extreme feebleness, the result of an almost fatal accident, forbids.

Marlboro, O., June 21st, 1864. A. BROOKE.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

1. We shall not attempt to characterise Dr. Brooke's avowal of his suspicion that Mr. Pillsbury's resolutions "have been suppressed for partisan purposes" further than to say that it indicates a state of mind far worse than ordinary "partisanship," and illustrates that spirit of jealousy and crimination which, unfortunately, has found a lodgment in the breasts of a few (we hope but a few) persons connected with the anti-slavery movement. As to the cause of the non-appearance of the resolutions, our only knowledge is derived from the following note in the published proceedings of the Convention:

"By some mistake of the Secretaries, the resolutions of Mr. Pillsbury have not been handed to us, and, therefore, we are unable to print them in this connection."

The Secretaries of the Convention were Charles K. Whipple and Aaron M. Powell, both of whom are understood to have voted for the resolutions which Dr. Brooke suspects they "suppressed for partisan purposes." We presume, though we do not know, that in the hurry attending the close of that excited meeting, near midnight, the Secretaries dropped or mislaid the resolutions, and that they have not been recovered. The suspicion that they were "suppressed" by anybody is unworthy of any anti-slavery heart.

2. Dr. Brooke sees no sign or danger of partisanship—at least none calling for his rebuke—in non-voting Abolitionists taking part in organizing a new political party, in the interest of a prominent aspirant to the Presidency, but only in our exposure of the character and aims of that party and its platform! He thinks that "extreme partisanship" has made us blind to the true meaning and intent of the words, "absolute equality of all men before the law," as employed in the Cleveland platform; we think that partisanship, or something else, makes him willing to accept from cunning politicians, as the equivalent of a doctrine which they dared not avow in express terms, a phrase having no clearly-defined meaning, and which, while it may be used as a bait for anti-slavery votes, really commits nobody to anything in particular. The "Golden Rule," rightly interpreted, means equal suffrage for black men; but the adoption of that rule by a Convention of politicians would hardly be accepted as an endorsement of the negro's right to vote. In a Convention of Abolitionists, met for no party object, we should be willing to accept the phrase in question as intended in good faith to cover all that Dr. Brooke thinks is embraced in it; but from a Convention managed by such an unscrupulous wire-puller as John Cochrane, and aiming at a junction with the negro-hating Democracy, we must demand something more.

MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

WATERLOO, N. Y., June 10th, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, held in this place, closed its three days' labor on Sunday, the 5th inst. It passed with increased acceptance, and the sessions were characterized by great earnestness and vitality of thought.

The meeting was organized by the appointment of C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, as Chairman; and Phebe B. Dean and William Barnes of Waterloo, as Secretaries. The Business Committee, consisting of Aaron M. Powell, S. S. Foster, Mrs. C. A. Joy, Amy Post, Lyman C. Hough, Lucy N. Colman, Rowland T. Robinson, George W. Taylor and Phebe B. Dean, presented for the consideration of the meeting such subjects as they deemed worthy of its attention, and prepared resolutions on those topics which they felt most imperatively claimed our thought and action *now*. As was to be expected, the present condition of our country was the all-absorbing topic of discussion. The principal speakers were Samuel J. May and C. D. B. Mills of Syracuse, A. M. Powell of Ghent, Lucy N. Colman and Lyman C. Hough of Rochester, C. A. Hammond of Peterboro, Geo. W. Taylor of North Collins, and Stephen S. Foster of Mass. They were faithful and emphatic in their testimonies for universal freedom, and unswerving fidelity to principles; especially exhorting all to individual faithfulness.

There was an interesting correspondence presented to the meeting, bearing cordial greetings and words of cheer from absent friends. I will enclose with this a letter from Rev. Samuel Johnson of Salem, Mass., hoping you may find room for it, as it is essentially an exposition of our sentiments.

The spirit of noble freedom that has ever characterized the meeting, and which seems to increase from year to year, was well manifested in the earnest, patient attention with which the people listened to the different speakers in the expression of their somewhat diverse views.

On Sunday the gathering was an immense crowd, larger than on any previous occasion; yet, quiet and good order prevailed. As usual, business was laid aside, each speaker uttering his or her own convictions. We had discourses of great value from S. S. Foster, C. D. B. Mills, Geo. W. Taylor, C. A. Hammond, and A. M. Powell; also brief addresses from two ladies on the Health question, Dr. Harman of Ill. and Dr. Hoffman of New York. In the afternoon Mr. Foster and Mr. Hough spoke to the crowd out of doors with good effect.

The sweet, soul-stirring ballads by our friend James G. Clark added greatly to the interest of the occasion.

We were favored with most beautiful weather throughout. Nature smiled benignly upon us, shedding bright, warm sunshine without oppressive heat.

The following are the resolutions adopted upon slavery and topics related thereto. P.

RESOLUTIONS.

1. Resolved, That whatever may be the result of our present national struggle, our success as a people depends on the regeneration of our national Thought and Character.

2. Resolved, That in disposing of our responsibilities we are to be governed, not by the maxims of expediency, but by the dictates of Justice and Truth.

3. Resolved, That we reiterate our testimony against slavery as in the highest degree cruel and unjust to the enslaved, as fruitful in rebellion and sorrow to the nation, and therefore to be immediately abolished.

4. Resolved, That while we recognise gratefully the numerous evidences of increased opposition to slavery, we exhort our fellow-countrymen to renewed and increased efforts for its speedy, complete and final extinction.

5. Resolved, That Congress ought at once to initiate the President to approve, and the Legislatures of the loyal States to adopt such an amendment of the Constitution of the United States as will forever abolish and prohibit slavery in all the States and Territories under its jurisdiction.

6. Resolved, That in the progress of reconstruction and the organization of new States, as a condition of admission into the Union, Congress should insist upon the impartial enfranchisement of colored citizens; and that we earnestly call upon all such States as now disfranchise colored inhabitants to at once so amend their State Constitutions as to abolish such unjust proscription, and thus render the reconstructed Union an actual as well as nominal free Republic.

7. Resolved, That while we read with horror and indignation of the cold-blooded massacres of Fort Pillow, Plymouth and other places, and join in the universal execration with which the human race, in all coming time, will load the immediate authors of those horrible scenes, yet we cannot forget that, even for these nameless horrors, the North is in part responsible; since not even the North has yet done Justice to the Negro.

8. Resolved, That no man is worthy to be trusted in the Presidential chair of the nation whose character and antecedents are not a sufficient guaranty that he will stand uncompromisingly by the claims of justice and the rights of universal humanity.

9. Whereas, The millions of our countrymen who are being liberated from slavery by our civil war, and are to become members of our body politic, participants in the management of the States and the General government of this Republic, are ignorant and therefore poorly qualified to exercise the prerogative of citizens, therefore,

Resolved, That all possible means and instrumentalities should be put immediately in operation to give to that vast population as thorough a mental and moral education as they can receive.

10. Resolved, That in connection with the abolition of slavery now in progress, the great concern of our nation should be to see to it, that all the people of the country, North and South, shall receive a good education; and those parents who will not assist in giving to their children thorough mental and moral culture, should be compelled by the State to educate them in such a manner as would qualify them to become valuable members of the body politic.

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SALEM, Mass., May 29, 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am unable to attend the meeting at Waterloo to which you kindly invite me, but I must not fail to send a word of greeting to those who "prize most Truth and the interests of Humanity," and "seek before all else the life and growth of the soul."

It is the broadest possible platform—yet the only one that is becoming for a religious association. It is affirmative and hospitable toward all things in proportion to their genuine values—negative only toward the petty dogmatisms which sectarians propagate in the name of Religion.

By "Truth and the interests of Humanity prized most" you mean Truth honored *as* Truth and Man *as* Man; for their own sakes, as the word of God and the image of God; taking precedence, wherever found, of traditions, creeds, priesthoods, books, customs, laws, property and life, whenever these would overawe or put them by.

To "seek before all else the life and growth of the soul" means surely, to seek above all things to know and honor the *spiritual constitution of man* as the revelation of God and to make the fulfillment of its essential needs and aspirations the basis of Religion.

The difference between this and the prevailing creeds is immeasurable; for it is a difference not in degree, but in kind. They are Theologies; this is Religion. They are doctrines supposed to have been arbitrarily engrafted on human reason in a preternatural way; this is that natural life and growth of the spirit which is the constant inspiration of God. They are beliefs imposed from without by authority of "Holy Church" or "Holy Bible"; this is the freedom of the spirit to test all things by its inmost needs, and its living, practical duties.

The substantial difference is that the one stand-point is in the past, the other in the present; that whereas the sects imagine that man's essential needs have been fully expressed and met in some past Age, Race or Person, we believe that each successive age must reap a fuller knowledge of them through the natural growth of their demands. We know well that the Past helps the soul; but we know also that the soul *itself* is here. We would not lose one blessed word or deed that came through Jesus or Paul; but their meaning must come to us through the life that is in us now. The Fire that kindles Holiness and Love is in the present moment. Between these and their perpetual Source can no veil be interposed that ever was woven by Gentile or Jew.

All great religious teachers have laid down the same fundamental principles of Duty, and no general statements will improve on those of the New Testament. But it is the *contents* of these principles that concern us most; and these are unfolded more and more as the race advances. Our spiritual, moral, social and political problems are giving us experience of practical relations and needs that never could have been conceived, much less stated, before. Nor could ever the divine words spoken in Jerusalem and Galilee have had such breadth of practical meaning to the hearer or the speaker of them, as stands in the awfulness of God's commands and the sweetness of his invitation *to us, in this land, this day.*

Principles are eternal. *What they mean*, only the hour's message tells, and tells only for the hour.

A Church is properly the union of men and women in seeking to hear what the spirit would say *now*, and to translate every syllable of the word into broadest practical uses. It cannot accept a theological creed as the basis of its communion; for that precloses the teachings of the spirit. It cannot hold to a sect; for that would be to build up barriers between itself and the universal Light that floods *all noble souls* in their depths, far beneath the superficialities of dogma. It cannot make of its religion a separate and special sphere; since from the secret prayer to the remotest bounds of Art and Science and Social Relations and Political Institutions, there is no part of human life which the Beauty, the Justice and the Love of God do not claim as their own domain. This claim it will strive to satisfy. It is to be a Stronghold of Liberty; a fearless witness against every form of public and private iniquity; to have a tongue for the dumb, a strong arm for the oppressed; eyes that cannot be blinded to coming judgments, yet never lose sight of the better day beyond; a heart of confident faith in all effort in proportion to the worthiness of its aim.

Believing that whether you do or do not call yourselves a Church, this is the substance of your purpose, I am glad to send you the assurance of my sympathy, and earnestly hope that your meeting may be every way pleasant and profitable.

Truly your friend, SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ANTI-SLAVERY LABORS IN OHIO.

SALEM, O., June 21, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: Of late I have been doing such service as I was able to the cause of freedom, by lectures in the northern part of Ohio, and have generally been cheered by good audiences, and an earnest interest in the questions discussed. I have visited many Democratic neighborhoods and towns never previously visited by anti-slavery lecturers. They have generally given willing ears, and on these short June nights have sometimes come two or three miles to listen. My labors have been conducted on the old, impartial anti-slavery plan, knowing no party or sect, but only the slave and the truth and righteousness by which he is to be made free and thus made the savior of the nation. I find it a good time to trace the course of slavery till with hands of bloody treason it clutched the throat of the nation—to note its paralysing power upon the President, upon Congress and our generals, mark the evidence of a hopeful advancement, and seek from all our history the course of personal duty and national policy. Military necessity has advanced the government to the point of emancipation. Political necessity is teaching the same wise lesson, and ecclesiastical necessity is equally imperative, absolutely extorting from the Churches, whom no argument could hitherto convince, the acknowledgment that slavery and Christianity are incompatibles. True, there is little of penitence for the indescribable crime of slavery in this change of base. It is to the Churches, as to the parties and the government, a selfish necessity. They all tried hard, as President Lincoln acknowledges in his own case, to save themselves and do no homage to the laws of justice and liberty. But God would not permit it, and through the continuance and the successes of the rebellion

ABOLITIONISM AND POLITICS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I DESIRE to express my most hearty concurrence in the resolutions presented in THE STANDARD of June 11, from the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti Slavery Society, upon "*The Work and the Weapons of Abolitionists.*" I would earnestly commend them to the thoughtful consideration of your readers at the present juncture of national affairs.*

The achievements of the anti slavery enterprise during its thirty years of moral warfare have indeed been remarkable. And it is undeniably true that the great strength of the movement, so feeble numerically, has been in the peculiar adaptation of its spiritual weapons to the destruction of moral evil. The true doctrine of Abolitionism is thus admirably presented by Mr. GARRISON: "Whilst we should watchfully see to it, that nothing of human passion, or personal hatred, or sectarian bitterness, or party policy, enters into our feelings in assailing the execrable system of American slavery, and in rebuking the transcendent wickedness of American slaveholders, we should be equally on our guard not to give heed to the suggestions of a false charity, or to dilute the pure word of liberty. Let our single purpose be—regardless whom it may please or offend among men—to speak the truth of God in its simplicity and power—not to conceal danger, or gild over crime, or screen the wrong-doer. It is not light that is needed on this subject so much as a heart of flesh."

In so far as prosecuted in such a spirit anti-slavery effort could not be otherwise than abundantly fruitful in good results. No previous revolution in the history of the human race will better illustrate, or more fully vindicate the power and efficiency of simple but earnest moral agitation as a means of national reformation.

But the end is not yet, for slavery still lives. It lives to torture large numbers of the enslaved. Also, as a formidable power in the hands of "Conservatives" and bloody conspirators, it is daily and hourly menacing the life of the nation. I believe it was THEODORE PARKER, who, in a discourse on slavery, designated COMPROMISE as the American Devil. Numerous as are the encouraging changes, which I need not here enumerate, in view of the recent large minority vote in the House of Representatives and in the Senate against the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, and the proposed amendment of the Constitution, we are not to conclude that the Devil-worship peculiar to this country is yet wholly at an end. The motto at the head of your editorial column—"WITHOUT *compromise*" expresses still the difference between Abolitionists and a majority of their fellow-citizens.

The season of peculiar temptation to the people at large, embracing many of the Abolitionists, is a Presidential campaign. For the time being it is a crisis, and each succeeding crisis is more pressing than the preceding. It is in this period that the doctrine of choosing the least of two or more evils is most actively promulgated. While the pressure lasts we are, in various ways, tempted to compromise ourselves unto the smaller of the evils, and it is hard to realize that it is only in the faithful use of spiritual weapons that truly great anti-slavery strength lies.

The Presidential campaign of the present year is the most important and interesting crisis we have yet known. How are Abolitionists affected by it?

A nominating convention has been held at Cleveland. To it Abolitionists were summoned to become a part of a new party—the "Radical Democracy." The new party affirms, without qualification, "that the rebellion *has destroyed slavery.*" To this unwarranted assumption there are probably a million slaves, under Federal jurisdiction, who, could they speak, would answer with an emphatic "no!"—as well as millions more who, though officially proclaimed free, are not practically emancipated. Having falsely assumed slavery to be already destroyed, and ignoring present anti-slavery duty, the "Radical Democracy" failed to urge, or even to name the vital measure of immediate, general emancipation, by act of the present Congress, under the war power. I understand from one of the Cleveland delegates that Messrs. S. S. Foster, Parker Pillsbury and William Goodell, who went to the Convention with an anti-slavery purpose, labored earnestly to give the movement a more truly anti-slavery character, but were overborne. I believe that, among politicians, "bolting" not unfrequently occurs where important points are involved, and it would seem that those gentlemen should have "bolted" rather than consented to remain in the Convention and concur in the nominations upon the assumed basis of no-slavery to destroy, only prudential measures to prevent its re-establishment. Though the fifth resolution calls for an amendment of the Constitution to prohibit the re-establishment of slavery, "and to secure to all men absolute equality before the law," nothing specific is said of the important question of negro suffrage. To the whole question of slavery, and its related topics, so little attention proportionately is given in the resolutions, and in the letters of acceptance, since published from the candidates, as to leave one with the impression of indifference on the part of the "Radical" Democracy (excepting a very small minority of earnest anti-slavery men) to vital anti-slavery principles, and of a pre-determined purpose to affiliate, as partisans, with the "Diabolical" Democracy soon to convene at Chicago.

Later has been held at Baltimore the Union Convention, with the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. It seems to have had no precedent in the history of popular national Conventions for enthusiastic anti-slavery feeling. Its declaration that "justice and the national safety demand its [slavery's] utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the Republic," and that the Constitution should be so amended as to "terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits or the jurisdiction of the United States," indicates, in contrast with the past, a great gain in anti-slavery sentiment. Such a revolution in public opinion may well encourage Abolitionists to persevere in well doing, confident in the hope of early and complete triumph for impartial freedom.

The Baltimore Convention does not, like that at Cleveland, assume that slavery is already destroyed, but speaks of a death blow *aimed* at the gigantic evil, and declares in favor of such an amendment of the Constitution as shall "*terminate* and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits or the jurisdiction of the United States." This, so far as the present existence of slavery is concerned, is certainly the better and more "radical" expression of sentiment.

But here, as at Cleveland, is ignored the responsibility of immediately grappling with, and extinguishing slavery in the hour of opportunity afforded by the war. "Justice and the national safety demand" not only "its utter and complete," but its IMMEDIATE "extirpation from the soil of the Republic"—by act of Congress, now in session, and to be appropriately followed as speedily as possible by the Constitutional Amendment called for. Where there is a *will* Congress can do things promptly. When the President's stables were burned last Winter, Congress the following day appropriated, by due form of law, twenty thousand dollars for their reconstruction. It was done in the shortest space of time, we were told, ever occupied by any legislation since the government had been organized. But the sufferers for whom we plead are *Negroes*, not horses, therefore must they wait in the lingering, murderous torture of slavery. It should have been the business of President LINCOLN previously to recommend and of the Baltimore Convention, by earnest resolution, to supply to Congress the requisite *will* to officially pronounce the death of slavery, without the inevitable, greater lapse of time required to secure the Constitutional Amendment.

Unquestionably, in connection with the destruction of slavery, the most important question, affecting vitally the welfare of the Republic, is as to what shall be henceforth in reconstruction the position of the negro under the government. On this vital point the Baltimore Convention, with rare opportunity, and a pressing necessity, for an exhibition of real statesmanship, justice, and generosity, was a lamentable and ignoble failure. The untimely, unjust and anti-Republican Amnesty Proclamation was, by general resolution, if not by specific mention, approved and indorsed, when its modification, or withdrawal, should have been urgently called for. As the basis of Reconstruction it will defraud the soldiers, the freed people and the landless loyal whites of the homesteads they ought to have, upon confiscated rebel lands; it makes the liberty of the emancipated slaves dependent upon the will of the Supreme Court; and leaves the negroes, in their relation to the government, notwithstanding their remarkable patriotic devotion to the Union cause and distinguished services as soldiers, without any voice of their own.

Slavery is now seen and felt, as never before, to be hazardous to the interests of both the *white* and black races, and therefore a large growth of anti-slavery sentiment. But neither President LINCOLN, nor the political parties as such, have yet attained to a just recognition of the manhood and humanity of the black race.

Notwithstanding their commendable features, which I need not here enlarge upon, with the sins, both of omission and commission, which attach to both parties, alluded to, in their treatment of slavery *to-day*, their relations to the proscribed negro race, with the organic law of the nation unchanged, and interpreted as of old in the interest of "loyal slaveholders," I draw the inference that, if he would not "give heed to the suggestions of a false charity," "dilute the pure word of liberty," "conceal danger," "or screen the wrong-doer," the Abolitionist may not properly be a constituent element of either of the existing parties, but must continue for the present, as hitherto, disfranchised for conscience sake. The emergency is indeed great.

"Do you ask what can be done if you abandon the ballot-box? What did the crucified Nasarene without the elective franchise? What did the apostles do? What did the glorious army of martyrs and confessors do? What did Luther and his intrepid associates do? 'If thou must stand alone, what then! The honor shall be more!
But thou can'st never stand alone while Heaven still arches o'er—
While there's a God to worship, a devil to be denied—
The good and true of every age stand with thee, side by side!'"

Abolitionists are not to be cold, indifferent spectators of the nation's sufferings and perils, but, with warm-hearted devotion to the welfare of *all* men, to wield faithfully the spiritual weapons with which they have wrought so successfully for thirty years past, "to watch with undiminished vigilance, and criticise with unswerving justice, every political party and leader and measure, in all their relations to the cause of the slave's emancipation," until liberty shall be completely triumphant. AARON M. POWELL.

Ghent, N. Y., June 20, 1864.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July begins the fourteenth volume, and is of unusual interest in various respects. It opens with "The Wife's Story," by Miss Harding. "Glorying in the Goad," by Gail Hamilton, is a pungent essay on the farmer and his defects, and containing a great deal of wholesome truth. Emerson gives us a chapter of Oriental philosophy under the title, "Saadi," and Donald G. Mitchell contributes a new chapter on "Wet-weather Work." There is a timely article on Mexico by G. Reynolds. Miss Prescott's story, "The Rim," is concluded. Fits Hugh Ludlow gives us a capital article on Life in Oregon, and Agassiz a paper on the "Ice-Period in America." Mrs. Stowe, in her "House and Home" paper, comes to the support of the women's movement for the disuse of foreign luxuries during the war. The article on Currency is by George S. Lang; Francis Williams discourses of Meyerbeer; C. C. Coffin illustrates "The May Campaign in Virginia." Dr. Holmes pays a heartfelt tribute to Hawthorne, which is followed by "A Scene from the Dolliver Romance," written by him just before his death. The poems of the number are by Longfellow, Bryant, and Holmes. We learn with satisfaction that *The Atlantic* has increased its circulation during the last year by more than twenty-five per cent.

THE COLONIZATION SCHEME REPEALED.—In the Senate, on the 25th inst., Mr. Wilkinson of Minnesota offered an amendment to the Appropriation bill, repealing the clauses in certain laws passed in 1862, making appropriations respectively of $100,000 and $500,000 for the exportation and colonization of negroes freed by law. Mr. Wilson said the scheme was a miserable failure, that many of the exported negroes had died of their sufferings, and the remainder had been brought back recently in a wretched condition, notwithstanding the flourish that was made with regard to the enterprise, and the fact that a member of the Cabinet had gone to Concord, N. H., to eulogize it. Mr. Lane of Kansas opposed the repeal, wanting the money to promote his scheme for colonising negroes in Western Texas. Mr. Johnson of Md. said we needed the labor of the negroes, and he was therefore opposed to the scheme of the Senator from Kansas. Mr. Lane asked Mr. Johnson if, after a Southern State had returned to its allegiance, the blacks could remain in familiar intercourse with their former masters? Mr. Johnson replied that those heretofore freed had not only been allowed to remain, but had been protected. The amendment was adopted.

THE SUSPENDED NEWSPAPERS.—The attempt of Gov. Seymour and his "friends" to procure an indictment against the officers and soldiers who were employed in the seizure of the offices of *The Journal of Commerce* and *The World*, at the time of the publication of the forged proclamation, has failed. The Grand Jury declined playing the fool for the gratification of traitors and copperheads, adopting the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Grand Inquest respectfully represent to the honorable court that in their judgment it is inexpedient to examine into the subject referred to in the communication of the Executive of the State and the charge of the court, namely, the action of the General government as to certain newspapers in this city.

CYRUS MASON, Foreman.

JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, JR., Secretary.

Oakey Hall, District Attorney, and one of Gov. Seymour's "friends," says he don't mean to "give it up so," but will try what he can do with the next Jury.

COMPLIMENT TO COL. HIGGINSON.—The Massachusetts *Spy* says: The impaired health of Col. T. W. Higginson has compelled him to retire for a season from active service. He is now in Newport. Since he left the Department of the South he has received the following testimonial:

[COPY.]
OFFICE OF U. S. DIRECT TAX COMMISSION,
Beaufort, S. C., May 28, 1864.

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.—*Colonel:* We take pleasure in informing you that we have given the small village for freedmen, situate just northwest of this town, the name of *Higginson*, in honor of yourself and the valuable services which you have rendered the cause of Constitutional government.

Owing to the absence of Dr. Brisbane, his name is not signed to this letter, but, were he here, he would, we are assured, willingly sign it.

Please accept, Colonel, our personal assurances of highest regard. Very respectfully, yours,
W. E. WORDING,
D. N. COOLEY,
U. S. Direct TAX Com'rs for South Carolina.

THE DOMESTIC SLAVE TRADE.—In the Senate, on the 24th ult., the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill being under consideration, Mr. Sumner offered a new section repealing the 8th and 9th sections of the act prohibiting the importation of slaves into any part of the United States after January, 1808, which said sections regulate the coastwise slave trade. The amendment was first rejected in Committee of the Whole—yeas 13, nays 20; but on the following day, when the bill was reported to the Senate, Mr. Sumner renewed his motion, and it was adopted—yeas 23, nays 14. Of course it must go to the House for concurrence, but we presume that body will readily pass it, and then the statute-book of the nation will be delivered from one of its foulest blots. Mr. Sumner deserves and will receive the thanks of the friends of freedom for his zeal in this behalf.

THE REPORT OF THE FREEDMEN'S INQUIRY COMMISSION, submitted by the Commission to the Secretary of War and by him transmitted to the Senate, has been ordered by that body to be printed. We have reason to believe that it is a document of great value, throwing light on many important questions, and adapted to exert a great influence upon the minds of the people.

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* The following are the resolutions referred to:

1. Resolved, That our confidence in the weapons by which the American Anti-Slavery Society and its Auxiliaries have attempted the overthrow of American slavery is confirmed by the results of our moral warfare of the last thirty years; and that, contemplating the peculiar adaptation of spiritual weapons to the destruction of moral evil, we clearly perceive that in the use of these only the great strength of our organization lies; and, consequently, that it is of the utmost importance to the cause which we have espoused, that we continue to wield them faithfully, and to rely upon them, until that cause shall be completely triumphant.

2. Resolved, That though diversities of opinion among Abolitionists, upon the various political questions of the times, are natural and inevitable, these do not touch the essential principles of our enterprise, and, consequently, cannot divide its true friends; and, that, while we erect no political platform, we regard it as the imperative duty of our Anti-Slavery Associations to watch with undiminished vigilance, and criticise with unswerving justice, every political party and leader and measure, in all their relations to the cause of the slaves' emancipation.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, June 26, 1864.

THERE is nothing like a good example. The Senate repealed the slave-catching law of 1850, but refused to repeal that of 1793. The bill went over to the House, and the Judiciary Committee made a clean sweep of all enactments for slave-catching—the law of '93 with the others. The House did not hesitate a moment, but passed the bill. The Senate took it up, and the gentlemen who refused to follow Mr. Sumner in his crusade against *all* slave-catching changed ground, in view of the action of the House, and the House bill was passed. Slave-catching by law is henceforth abolished, and it will be some time before it will be authorized by an American Congress—unless the Copperheads shall carry the next Presidential election. If they do that, there is no telling what may happen. The plan of some of the Democratic leaders, in case they succeed, is, to offer Jeff. Davis and his colleagues all that they will ask for upon the condition that they will return to the Union and abandon the doctrine of secession. If they refuse that, then these Democrats propose to carry on the war another four years upon Democratic principles.

Let us be thankful that there is to be no more slave-catching under a Republican Administration. It is no longer the "constitutional duty" of Mr. Lincoln to catch runaway negroes. In former times his conscience was greatly troubled upon this subject. He did not like the business of returning black fugitives to slavery, and yet he believed the duty of the magistrate to be clear—he must do wrong because the written parchment compelled him. No more Maryland slaves will be caught in Washington and returned to slavery. Commissioner Cox and Marshal Lamon will be relieved henceforth from the unpleasant duty of re-enslaving their fellow-men.

Congress will adjourn, if possible, in the course of the present week. It is hardly possible, however, for there is important legislation which yet must be attended to, and days will be occupied in finishing it. The anti-slavery record of this Congress is quite satisfactory. It has abolished negro-catching to begin with. It has provided that henceforth no distinction of pay shall exist between the white and black soldier, and though in settling the pay of the colored troops in the past exact justice has not been done, yet an approach to it has been made. The House of Representatives has not, by a two-thirds vote, agreed to the Constitutional Amendment, but it gives the full strength of anti-slavery for it. Indeed, three members of the Opposition were manly enough to support it. It is a good issue for the campaign, and it is not possible that two-thirds of the States will vote for the amendment in its present shape. Let another Congress settle this dispute. It can be referred to the people in the approaching canvass, and if it is decided in favor of the amendment, the next Congress will pass it without trouble.

Mr. Lincoln is back from his visit to the Army of the Potomac. I understand that he is satisfied with what he has seen. Gen. Grant sent for him, and to confer with him upon the current movements of his army. No man in his senses will deny that the campaign thus far has been an unsuccessful one. I am well aware that many of our journals contend to the contrary, but they claim for Gen. Grant more than he claims for himself. The campaign may yet, however, end successfully, and whether it does or not, the end is certain if the people have the proper spirit. If this nation is sufficiently courageous it will put down the rebellion. The thing can and must be done. If it has the nerve and the pluck to raise half a million more men, the war will end next year. The trying year for the rebels is *next year*. So it is for us. Can we raise the men and the money? Mr. Chase thinks it harder to raise money than men, Mr. Stanton that it is more difficult to obtain men than money—so I conclude it is pretty hard to raise men and money. It can be done, however, and it must be done. Senator McDougall sometimes says a good thing in the Senate, though he is not the pattern of a man on legislation. In speaking upon this subject he remarked as follows:

"Mr. President, during all the period that has expired between the 5th of July, 1861, and the present day of the month of June, 1864, we have heard this same thing, that we are on the eve of victory, and that our power was going to compel our enemies into subjection; and although we are now in the neighborhood of Richmond, I am not any more confident that we are on the eve of triumph than I was in July of that year. Nor do I think those things of which we are advised justify us in the opinion that this war may not continue for quite a long period. I am not one of those who believe that the taking of Richmond and Petersburg and Lynchburg is going to solve the problem which is presented to the American people; and this shouting *Io Triumphe* before any considerable triumph has been won, in my judgment, is vain talk.

"I know we have a great and a gallant army both in the West and in the East. I know we are advancing against what we have learned to be a body of desperate, determined, and organized men; and I have learned to believe that they do not consider the problem solved with themselves when all Virginia shall be occupied by our troops. It was the first proposition of the cotton States of the South that they should disintegrate themselves entirely in their policy from Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, and organize a government of their own; and when they shall be forced into the country which they themselves claim particularly, perhaps then may come the hug and the tug of war.

"We cannot promise ourselves a conclusion this campaign. I do not think that that man whom I call the best general in our service, an officer who has proved himself the equal of all occasions as far as was within the limits of science and courage—General Grant himself—would pronounce as an absolute conclusion of his own judgment that he could in this campaign coerce even the capital of the rebellion. Let us not have this song of triumph or this shout of courage. It was said in 1861 that individual gentlemen could take twenty thousand men and march from the shores of the Potomac through Richmond to Mobile and New Orleans, and would meet with no equal armies. That has been the weak opinion of uninformed men, although sometimes of men high in office."

Now that is good sense, though it comes from a man who is often a disgrace to the Senate, because of his personal habits. The present campaign will not conclude the war, but with proper management, the next will.

There was a very able debate in the House yesterday upon the Military bill. The debate took a wide range, and the whole subject of slavery and the colored troops came under review. Kentucky and Massachusetts came into collision. Mr. Mallory of Louisville, who is one of the most bitter of the pro-slavery members of the House, saw fit to attack Gov. Andrew and Massachusetts, and he was replied to by Messrs. Dawes and Boutwell of that State. Mr. Dawes replied with a bundle of facts which effectually silenced the slanders not only of Mallory, but of Cox and his tribe. Mr. Boutwell went into the philosophy of the dispute between Kentucky and Massachusetts, and aroused Mallory to intense anger by the prediction that the day is soon coming when Kentucky, like Virginia, shall become desolated. Mallory jumped to his feet, and in the face of calls to order and the violent rapping of the Speaker's hammer, shouted forth a torrent of abuse. The scene for a few moments was exciting, and reminded one of the old days when the House was governed by Fire-eaters. After this Fernando Wood got up to speak, and his utterances were so infamous that his own party friends became alarmed and interrupted him. Mr. Odell, of Brooklyn, disclaimed the peace sentiments of Wood, and Kernan of Utica did the same. A tipsy member from Pennsylvania wanted to know of the Speaker if it was not possible to put an end to a debate which was dividing the Democratic party! It was one of the most interesting and profitable debates of the session, and it would be well to send it broadcast over the land. If honest, loyal men are inclined to become despondent, it will do them good to read Mallory of Kentucky, and Wood of New York. They will come to the conclusion that it is better to continue the war ten years longer than to permit these bad men to triumph. AVON.

JOSHUA COFFIN of Newbury, Mass., an antiquarian of some note, and an earnest Abolitionist from the first day that Garrison published *The Liberator*, died suddenly last week, aged 73 years. He graduated at Dartmouth, and was at one time the school-master of Whittier. He was one of the twelve persons who formed the first Anti-Slavery Society in Massachusetts, on the first of January, 1832.

A TRAITOR AT HEART.—*The Biblical Recorder* publishes the following note from Rev. Mr. Pritchard, of Raleigh, North Carolina:

"Last Spring a prominent member of the Church of which I was pastor in Baltimore met, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, ex-President Pierce. Mr. Pierce manifested the warmest sympathy for the South in this struggle for independence, declared that the only hope for freedom on this continent was in the success of the South; that, old as he was, he should have been in the Confederate army but for the health of his wife, and that he desired no higher earthly honor than to be a private in the ranks of the Southern army."

THE NEGRO MAY BE A WITNESS.—In the Senate, on the 25th inst., on motion of Mr. Sumner, who never misses an opportunity to strike at laws and usages that contravene the principles of justice and humanity, the Appropriation bill was so amended as to provide that in the Courts of the United States there shall be no exclusion of witnesses on account of color. Mr. Sumner read a letter from Judge Underwood of Va., testifying to the importance of such a provision. The amendment passed, 22 yeas, 16 nays. Among the nays we are sorry to observe the names of Messrs. Cowan of Pa., Harris of N. Y., Sherman of Ohio, and Trumbull of Illinois—all Republicans. We trust the House will not fail to concur in the amendment.

THE ARKANSAS SENATORS.—The Judiciary Committee of the Senate has reported against the admission of Messrs. Fishback and Baxter as Senators from Arkansas. The Committe conclude that when the rebellion in Arkansas shall have been so far suppressed that the loyal inhabitants shall be free to establish their State government upon a Republican foundation, or to reorganize the one already set up, and by the aid, and not in subordination to the military to maintain the same, they will then, and not until then, be entitled to representation in Congress and participation in the administration of the Federal government.

REMEMBERING THE NEGRO.—In a letter to the great Grant meeting held in Union Square, New York, on the 4th ult., Secretary Chase uttered the following noble words: "Permit me to add that while we rejoice in the successes of our armies, and give thanks to God for them, we should not forget that there is one class of defenders of the flag—one class of men loyal to the Union—to whom we yet fail to do complete justice. It will be the marvel of future historians that statesmen of this day were willing to risk the success of the rebellion rather than to entrust to black loyalists bullets and ballots."

AARON M. POWELL will speak at CANAAN, N. Y., Sunday, July 3.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL ECHOES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

LETTER FROM A SON OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Rochester *Express* publishes the following letter from the son of Frederick Douglass to his father:

CAMP HAMILTON, CITY POINT, Va.,
EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS, THIRD DIVISION,
Gen. HINCKS's, June 16, 1864.

DEAR FATHER: Yesterday was a great day for me. At about 10 o'clock Tuesday evening I was awakened by the Major of my battalion (as I was then in command of the company, both Lieutenants being away, and Capt. Wulff has been relieved of the command of this company) and ordered to have two days' rations prepared immediately for my company. At 2 o'clock the next morning everything was ready for a march, which was soon ordered, and about four hundred of our regiment, the Fifth Massachusetts, were soon into line, that being all we had left in camp, the rest of our regiment being on picket duty. Our brave Colonel took command of the battalion and we started out of camp. We had gone but a short distance before we came upon the ambulance train; then I knew that some of us were not coming back again. Everything looked like a fight. We had a battery of colored artillery also. We marched on until we struck the Petersburg road; then proceeded on up the road until daylight, when we halted, being about five miles from Petersburg. Soon Gen. Butler's army began to come in from Appomattox and proceed forward toward Petersburg. Then I began to smell a very large sized mice, and that was that we were to make an attack on Petersburg. About 20,000 of the white troops crossed and moved off to the left of the colored troops. Gen. Butler and staff soon appeared and ordered the colored troops forward, of which there were the Twenty-second Pennsylvania, First District Columbia, Fourth Maryland, Sixth United States, Fifth Ohio, and the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry (dismounted), and Battery B of the First Virginia Artillery. We moved forward down the hill into a wheat-field, forming two lines of battle. Sending out skirmishers, we soon met the enemy's advance pickets and drove them back through two pieces of woods. Our regiment was in the second line of battle. As we came through the second piece of woods, the enemy opened on us with solid shot and shell. We kept on, however, until we reached the next piece of woods. Then we were only about a quarter of a mile from the enemy, they being drawn up in line of battle behind their breastworks. All this time we were under a withering fire from the rebel batteries. The underbrush was so thick in the woods that we could not form a line of battle, but we got into line as soon as we could, and waited to see what the first line of battle would accomplish. We had not long to wait before the first line of battle fell back upon us under a galling fire, which killed and wounded several of our men in the second line. Immediately after the first line fell back, we were ordered by our Colonel to fix bayonets and charge, which we did in good style, driving the enemy from behind their first line of breastworks, and capturing one piece of artillery from the Johnnies. There we had only twenty men from my company in the fight and we were right in front of the line, a little to the left of the centre. Col. Russell was just in front of me, about a couple of yards; he cried out, "Come on, brave boys of the Fifth!" and soon he was struck in the shoulder by a rifle ball, merely taking off the shoulder-strap. In an instant our men began to fall around us pretty fast, but we drove the enemy off the field, into the woods, on toward Petersburg. After we had started the rebels, the whole troops were ordered forward to keep them going. This was within about three miles of the city. Col. Russell then ordered Lieut. Mallery, myself and fifty men, to take the piece of artillery that we had captured, and proceed on to camp, where I now am at present, though our regiment is at the front yet. I kept close to the Colonel during the whole of the engagement, and when he was wounded, I went to gather him some currants. Although wounded, he could not be persuaded to leave the field until the Surgeon insisted upon it. Major Adams was struck in the side by a piece of shell, and it is said that it may prove fatal. Capt. Clark, the officer I had to report my company to, was hit on the knee-pan, and suffered considerable pain.

While I am writing, we have got orders to return to the front, to escort the bodies of officers that fell yesterday.

Before you receive this, you will, no doubt, hear of the fall of Petersburg, for our forces are at the last line of entrenchments, a quarter of a mile from the city. The colored troops last night captured Fort Clifton, and several hundred prisoners.

Gen. Grant is here; he passed our camp this morning, with his staff and body-guard, on his way to the front. I saw him from my tent.

I will give you further particulars of the battle in my next letter. I am yet unhurt, but am much worn out; my shoulders are raw, from the straps of my cartridge-box, as I had forty rounds in my box, two days' rations, canteen, blankets and musket. I can see red flags flying from every old church, barn, or house on the point, and our wounded are coming in rapidly. Col. Russell and Major Adams are in the hospital. Sergts. Cook, Wormly and myself are all right. I will write again soon; I am writing now in a hurry, just to let you know that I am unhurt as yet, although several of our company fell around me.

Your affectionate son, C. R. DOUGLASS,
1st Serg. Co. I, 5th Mass. Dismounted Cav.

UNAFFECTED BY THE HEAT.

Reports from the Army of the Potomac speak of the sufferings of the soldiers during the recent "heated term." The colored troops are reported as being unaffected by the heat. Surgeon Jackson, in charge of the 4th Division Hospital, 9th Corps, reports that in that division only 40 men out of 400 were unfit for duty when they were put in front on Tuesday last, to relieve the 2d Corps. This tends to show how much better they can endure the scorching rays of the sun than white troops.

THE VALOR OF NEGRO TROOPS—A SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY.

A private, a Butler County boy, now in the cavalry service, writes to a friend from Little Rock, Arkansas, under date of May 21st. A few extracts will, we hope, interest those who love to hear from a true man and a good soldier.

"On the 23d of March, with half rations for 25 days, we left our quarters. In 42 days we marched 500 miles, had a fight, or a skirmish thirty-five times. We swam rivers, waded swamps, travelled nights in the rain, and slept without blankets. We whipped and drove the enemy before us every time. The last two days of our march was through rain and mud without anything to eat. Even then we were as ready to fight as to eat. You see we just got our hands in at fighting, and our jaws out of practice at eating, so you may know that I have seen the elephant. He has many deformities and serious defects, and often you cannot distinguish his trunk from his tail; that is, when you meet him you cannot tell which end is towards you; in other words, many of the rebels wear our uniform, and pretend to be friends till they get us in their power, or they get out of ours. We had two negro regiments with us, 1st and 2d Kansas. I will tell you a little about them. The 1st was out protecting a forage train near Camden. They were attacked and surrounded by a superior force. They fought bravely for four hours, slaughtering the rebels fearfully; and when their ammunition failed, they fixed bayonets and fought their way through the enemy, and came off leaving 120 of their number dead, or mortally wounded. The rebels murdered all the prisoners whom they took. At Saline river we had a hard fight, here the 2d Kansas (colored) regiment went under fire for the first time. They went in like veterans; they charged and captured three pieces of artillery, which they hauled off by hand, having killed all the men and horses belonging to them. They drove the enemy as far as was desired by the commanding officer, and when they were ordered to halt, their blood was up so high, and they were so eager to pursue, that it was necessary to run a white regiment in front of them and get them off the field. These facts will settle the question that negroes will fight. We are glad of it, and glad of their help in crushing this wicked and infernal rebellion.

I remain your friend, H. W. J.

—*Free Nation.*

SCENES DURING THE RETREAT OF GENERAL STURGIS.

A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, writing from the headquarters of the 59th U. S. Infantry (colored) at Memphis, under the date of June 15, gives a detailed and graphic account of the brave fighting of the colored troops in Gen. Sturgis's command, fully confirming previous accounts. The following is the material part of the statement:

"About sunrise, June 11, the enemy advanced on the town of Ripley and threatened our right, intending to cut us off from the Salem road. Again the colored troops were the only ones that could be brought into line—the Fifty-ninth being on the right, and the Fifty-fifth on the left—holding these streets. At this time the men had not to exceed ten rounds of ammunition, and the enemy were crowding closer and still closer, when the Fifty-ninth were ordered to charge on them, which they did in good style, while singing:

'We'll rally 'round the flag, boys.'

"This charge drove the enemy back so that both regiments retreated to a pine grove about two hundred yards distant.

"By this time all the white troops, except one squadron of cavalry, that formed in the rear, were on the road to Salem, and when this brigade came up, they too wheeled and left; and in less than ten minutes this now little band of colored troops found themselves flanked. They then divided themselves into three squads, and charged the enemy's lines. One squad taking the old Corinth road, then a by-road to the left. After a few miles they came to a road leading to Grand Junction. After some skirmishing they arrived with the loss of one killed and one wounded.

"Another and the largest squad covered the retreat of the white troops, completely defending them by picking up the ammunition thrown away by them, and with it repelling the numerous assaults made by the rebel cavalry, until they reached Collierville, a distance of sixty miles. When the command reached Dan's Mills the enemy attempted to cut it off by a charge. But the colored boys in the rear formed and repelled the attack, allowing the whole command to pass safely on, when they tore up the bridge. Passing on to an open country, the officers halted and reorganised the brigade into an effective force. They then moved forward until about 4 p.m., when some Indian flank skirmishers discovered the enemy, who came up to the left and in the rear, and halted. Soon a portion advanced, when a company faced about and fired, emptying three saddles. From this time until dark the skirmishing was constant.

"A corporal in Co. C, Fifty-ninth, was ordered to surrender. He let his would-be captor come close to him, when he struck him with the butt of his gun.

"While the regiment was fighting in a ditch, and the order came to retreat, the color-bearer threw out the flag, designing to jump out and get it, but the rebels rushed for it, and in the struggle one of the boys knocked down the reb who had the flag with his gun, caught the flag and ran.

"A rebel, with an oath, ordered one of our men to surrender. He thinking the reb's gun was loaded, dropped his gun; but on seeing the reb commence loading, our colored soldier jumped for his gun, and with it struck his captor dead.

"Captain H. being surrounded by about a dozen rebels was seen by one of his men, who called several of his companions, they rushed forward and fired, killing several of the enemy, and rescued their captain.

"A rebel came up to one and said, 'Come, my good fellow, go with me and wait on me.' In an instant the boy shot his would-be master dead.

"Once when the men charged on the enemy, they rushed forth with the cry, 'Remember Fort Pillow.' The rebs called back and said, 'Lee's men killed no prisoners.'

"One man in a charge threw his antagonist to the ground and pinned him fast, and as he attempted to withdraw his bayonet, it came off his gun, and as he was very busy just then, he left him transfixed to mother earth.

"One man killed a rebel by striking him with the butt of his gun, which he broke; but being unwilling to stop his work, he loaded and fired three times before he could get a better gun; the first time, not being cautious, the rebound of his gun badly cut his lip.

"When the troops were in the ditch three rebels came to one man and ordered him to surrender. His gun being loaded he shot one, and bayonetted another, and forgetting he could bayonet the third, he turned the butt of his gun and knocked him down.

"One man had his gun spoiled by a shot. A rebel ordered him to surrender. 'Yes, massa,' he said. The reb then loaded his gun, when the colored man jumped on him, took away his gun, and shot him in the mouth."

A GALLANT NEGRO SOLDIER.

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Memphis about the recent unfortunate expedition under Gen. Sturgis, says:

"While the fight was at its hottest in the swamp west of Old Town Creek, and when it became evident that unless our train was destroyed it would be captured by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, a stalwart negro of the 56th United States (colored) Infantry seeing that an order for its destruction was about being executed, sprang into an ammunition wagon and began dealing out cartridges to a part of the regiment, while the remainder by persistent fighting held the enemy at bay. Bursting the boxes open by whatever means was handiest, he would take up as many cartridges as possible, and run to the front, his distended fingers looking like an exaggerated nail grab, when, while the men held their shirt bosoms open he stuffed as many cartridges into that novel receptacle as could be conveniently carried, and then returned for more. Of course most of the ammunition was fatally damaged by perspiration, for a negro in hot weather with even ordinary exertion sweats like a wet weather spring. The man, however, deserves credit for his intentions if not for his philosophy. When our men were compelled to give way, he attended to his own wants, and surrounded himself with an armor of cartridges, which he crammed into his shirt bosom, and used, it may safely be said, with good effect against the rebels.

It is a noted fact that almost every squad of negro troops that comes in is as fully armed and equipped as when the army left Collierville, while many of the white soldiers have divested themselves of guns, cartridge boxes, and every other incumbrance. The circumstance is correctly accounted for in this way. White soldiers know that if captured they will be treated as prisoners of war. Negroes have been but too well taught that a cruel death is the inevitable sequence of capture, and for that reason, being determined to fight to the death before surrendering, they were careful to keep themselves prepared for emergencies, notwithstanding the almost impossible marches they were compelled to make while retreating from Old Town Creek. Their determination to win or die is evinced not only in their talking and acting, but in their demon-like fighting. The Fort Pillow massacre taught them a lesson which is redounding with merciless retribution, to the injury not only of accessible rebels, but to the rebel cause itself. Forrest has learned to his sorrow that his theory that black men have no souls is not correct. It was confuted at the point of the bayonet in the late battle, and not only was it there proved to his satisfaction that a negro has a soul, but that in that soul there is an element of revenge, which, when once excited into action, can make him and his minions cower, as it did when the battle was raging in the swamp, and he endeavored, by massing his men, to overwhelm the two colored regiments that were with the expedition. No doubt, if he had succeeded, the brutal scenes of Fort Pillow would have been re-enacted. The carnage at this phase of the fight was frightful, but the negroes stood to their work, exchanging shot for shot and blow for blow, until the Southern pride of the Confederates began to shrink in view of the fact that they were actually about to be whipped by negroes; they fell back and made an onslaught upon a place in our line at which the men had already been nearly all killed or wounded."

ADJ.-GEN. THOMAS'S ORDER FOR RECRUITING COLORED TROOPS IN KENTUCKY.

The following order of Gen. Thomas has not been published, so far as we are aware, and will be read with interest:

Recruiting of colored troops will take place in the State of Kentucky as rapidly as possible, and one or more officers will be placed in each County to receive the able-bodied colored men as they present themselves or are delivered by their owners. The Unconditional Union men will, it is believed, cheerfully bring forward their slaves, to assist in crushing the rebellion, and if others do not, it makes no difference, as all who present themselves for enlistment will be received and enlisted into the service of the United States.

In order that the State may receive credit for the volunteers thus secured, and that the rights of all may be protected, recruiting officers will present their recruits to the Provost-Marshal or Deputy Provost-Marshal, for enlistment, and the latter officers will furnish the owners of the slaves with the necessary certificates of enlistment.

A camp of reception for recruits will be established in each Congressional District, where they will be organized into companies and regiments, armed, fully equipped and prepared for service.

The following places are designated for this purpose:

1st Congressional district, Paducah; IId, Owensboro; IIId, Bowling Green; IVth, Lebanon; Vth, Louisville; V

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

A MAN'S APOLOGY.

Your brow is set with woman's pride,
 Your eyes refuse a single smile;
But oh! how check the heart's strong tide
 That rushes wildly all the while?
How cold are all the words I win!
 And colder still the tones I loved;
How calmly pale that once bright cheek,
 Whose color each new feeling moved!

I may not even speak of days,
 O'er which I brood with strange delight,
Nor may I ask the simplest grace
 That then seemed mine by true love's right.
But vain is all you seek to say,
 To rouse, perchance, my jealous fears;
I bowed not to that gentle heart
 Till I had known its truth for years.

Ah! do you think I could believe
 My darling's heart less true than then?
Ah! do you think that I could fear
 Her eyes could droop for other men?
Though never in this world again
 One of the dear old looks I win,
The fault be mine, but to distrust
 That constant heart were gravest sin.

I know I've wronged that faithful heart,
 Half failed its tender worth to prize,
And I, to whom they trusted all,
 Have dimmed with tears those peerless eyes.
Too many are the ways that lead
 Our rougher manhood's steps aside;
'Tis thine, sweet eyes, 'tis thine, dear hands,
 To virtue's paths our lives to guide.

I cannot speak of all I've seen,
 Nor how each gloomy road I've passed
But made thee seem the brighter still,
 And led me to thy feet at last.
I cannot speak of all I've erred,
 Nor yet of all I fain would be,
But if I gain a place above,
 I gain it, Love, dear Love, through thee.

May 8, 1864. S. M. B.

VISIT TO BALTIMORE AND THE CAPITAL.

From The Liberator.

I have just returned from a short visit to Baltimore and Washington, in company with my esteemed friend, Theodore Tilton, Esq., Editor of the New York *Independent*. The latter city I had never seen before; and thirty-four years had elapsed since I left my prison cell in Baltimore, and commenced the work of "agitation" of the slavery question at the North. Until within two years, I could not have visited either "the monumental city" or the National Capital, except on peril of abduction, imprisonment, or assassination. True, my CONSTITUTIONAL right to travel in any slave State or District, and to enjoy untrammelled liberty of speech, was as unquestionable as that of Jeff. Davis to make a tour of the free States *ad libitum*, and give free utterance to his opinions on any subject he might choose to discuss; but it was a right popularly recognized, in my case, as null and void, and a crime of the deepest dye if attempted to be exercised in opposition to that execrable system of bondage which is now filling the land with the horrors of civil war. For one-third of a century I, an American citizen, guiltless of crime, had been outlawed in all the South, and consequently, unable safely to visit any portion of that extended section of my native land. Throughout that long period I had again and again been tauntingly asked, "Why don't you go to the South?" when my sneering questioners well knew that I could do so only on the certainty of being put to torture and a barbarous death as soon as apprehended. What sympathy or support had I then, as the friend and advocate of the oppressed, even at the North? A price was upon my head, temptingly offered by the traffickers in human flesh; and there was no power to save me from a felon's doom, if caught anywhere in the slave regions. I was an honest believer in the Declaration of Independence, and therefore rejected with horror "the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." I recognized the binding obligation of the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and therefore made the case of the slave my own. I felt to respond to the apostolic injunction, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," and therefore demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation. And for this I had nothing but universal condemnation at the North, and a horrible doom threatened me at the South! To have gone to the South, in these circumstances, would have indicated neither moral heroism nor soundness of reason. In choosing Boston as the best place in which to establish *The Liberator*, and the North as the most appropriate field of labor, my instinct and judgment were not at fault, as time has fully demonstrated. The strength of the slave system lay in the universal complicity which the people of the North gave to it, through their apologetical and exculpatory pleadings, their commercial and manufacturing intercourse, their religious and political affiliation, their constitutional compromises, their mobocratic outbreaks against freedom of speech, their hot persecution of the Abolitionists as fanatics and incendiaries, and their malignant prejudice towards the negro. If the cause of the slave could not be successfully pleaded here, where a direct interest in the perpetuity of slavery was quite exceptional, then there was no hope for any part of our land. For it was meet to remember, as of old, that "judgment must first begin at the house of God; for if the righteous be scarcely saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" In other words, if among an intelligent and moral people, whose connection with slavery was only incidental and geographical, and whose soil was cultivated exclusively by free labor, it was impossible, for a long series of years, to obtain a candid hearing in favor of letting the oppressed go free, what hope or chance remained of converting the benighted and utterly demoralized South, where by law it was made a penal offence even to question the rectitude of dealing in "slaves and the souls of men"? The Anti-Slavery movement was an appeal to the understanding and conscience of a guilty nation to put away its great iniquity, if it would escape impending judgments—not an invasion of the slave States by physical force. In no State could its moral lever be so effectively planted for the upturning of the slave system as in Massachusetts; and of all the cities in which to establish an organ, there was none comparable to Boston. Sooner or later, "Wisdom is justified of her children"; and the Abolitionists now stand generally confessed as the most far-seeing and sagacious, as well as the most courageous and upright, of all classes in the country.

Thirty-four years since I had last seen Baltimore! A whole generation since my prison-fetters were broken! The old prison had vanished; but there was the city, still recognizable in some of its local features—but how changed in extent and appearance! Then it had a population of eighty thousand; now it has three times that number, and might have had five times more if it had been a free city, and Maryland a free State. Happily, Maryland is soon to be without a slave, and henceforth is destined to be great and prosperous under the regenerating influences of "free labor, free soil, free speech, and free men." She shall assuredly see the promise fulfilled to the letter—"If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day. And thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in."

I was gratified to find that the loyal sentiment of Baltimore was of the most radical anti-slavery type, neither desiring nor contemplating any other result than the extinction of slavery with the suppression of the rebellion. That sentiment now holds such mastery in the city that no sympathizer with the rebellion dares openly avow his disloyalty. It is resolutely bent on speedily enrolling Maryland among the free States of the Union, and taking active measures to secure that end. Indeed, it is believed that all the loyal slaveholders are now ready to sanction the act. For instance, at a dinner party where more than a score of them were present, Mr. Tilton, on being called upon to respond to a sentiment, advocated the most "ultra" abolition principles, and was warmly applauded by them. This is a cheering fact.

As strongly corroborative evidence of the wonderful change which has taken place in the feelings of the citizens, I would state that, on three successive evenings, mass meetings were held in the square in front of Barnum's hotel, at which slavery and its abettors, copperheads and rebels, were denounced by such speakers as Gen. Carey of Cincinnati and Parson Brownlow in scathing terms, and unadulterated abolitionism expounded in the most fearless manner; and in all the vast assembly not a note of dissent was expressed, but the warmest applause followed! Such demonstrations made me almost doubt my identity—or, at least, led me to ask, whether I was not in dream-land, temporarily enjoying a happy illusion!

If further evidence is needed of a regenerated city, take the fact that, in April last, a colored regiment marched without molestation over the pavements in Pratt street that, two years before, were stained with the blood of our Massachusetts soldiers who were hurrying through Baltimore to the defence of the Capital. Nearly all the able-bodied slaves in the State, capable of bearing arms, have been enrolled as soldiers under the flag, and consequently set free; especial thanks to Gen. Birney.

During my brief sojourn in Baltimore, the Loyal National Convention was held in the Front street Theatre, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States at the approaching election. It was well worth going from one end of the country to the other to witness its proceedings; yet it came in my way incidentally, and I was glad to have the opportunity to be a "looker-on in Venice." As a delegated body representing all the loyal States and Territories in the Union, it presented an imposing appearance, and indicated, both in the choice of its candidates and platform it adopted, the overwhelming sentiment of THE PEOPLE. Prior to its coming together, all the loyal States had, with a unanimity unexampled since the days of George Washington, officially declared in favor of the reelection of Abraham Lincoln; so that its duty was simply to record its votes for the man thus unmistakably designated. From Maine to Oregon, the response was the same, with the single exception of the Radical delegates from Missouri, who, on the first ballot, voted for Gen. Grant, in accordance with their instructions; and then transferred their votes to Abraham Lincoln, making the grand total of 519 for his reëlection. Though this unanimity was strongly to be desired for the weightiest considerations, it was hardly to be expected; for what had the enemies of the Administration left undone to create division in the ranks? When the result was announced, the enthusiasm was indescribable; and yet it was not comparable to the electric outbreak which followed the adoption of the following resolution:

3. Resolved, That as slavery was the cause and now constitutes the strength of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of republican government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the republic; and that we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the government, in its own defence, has aimed a death-blow at this gigantic evil. We are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits or the jurisdiction of the United States.

The whole body of delegates sprang to their feet as by one impulse, giving vent to their feelings in prolonged cheering and warm congratulations, again and again renewing their joyful demonstrations in the most enthusiastic manner. Was not a spectacle like that rich compensation for more than thirty years of universal personal opprobrium, bitter persecution, and murderous outlawry? It is impossible for me to describe my emotions on that occasion—for what had God wrought! It was the first NATIONAL VERDICT ever recorded, in form and fact, in letter and spirit, against slavery, as a system "incompatible with the principles of republican government," and therefore no longer to be tolerated in the land. It was the sublime decree—"Let the covenant with death be annulled, and the agreement with hell no longer stand!" It was a full endorsement of all the abolition "fanaticism" and "incendiarism" with which I had stood branded for so many years. The time for my complete vindication had come, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the vindication of all who had labored for the extinction of "the sum of all villanies," whether through evil report or good report—yea, the vindication of Eternal Truth and Justice!

The following resolutions were also adopted by the Convention by shouts of applause, the waving of hats, and other tokens of high gratification:

5. Resolved, That we approve and applaud the practical wisdom, the unselfish patriotism and unswerving fidelity to the Constitution and the principles of American liberty with which Abraham Lincoln has discharged, under circumstances of unparalled difficulty, the great duties and responsibilities of the Presidential office; that we approve and endorse, as demanded by the emergency and essential to the preservation of the nation, and as within the Constitution, the measures and acts which he has adopted to defend the nation against its open and secret foes; that we approve especially the Proclamation of Emancipation and the employment as Union soldiers of men heretofore held in slavery; and that we have full confidence in his determination to carry these and all other constitutional measures essential to the salvation of the country into full and complete effect.

7. Resolved, That the government owes to all men employed in its armies, without regard to distinction of color, the full protection of the laws of war; and that any violation of these laws, or of the usages of civilized nations in time of war, by the rebels now in arms, should be made the subject of full and prompt redress.

While in Baltimore, I was most hospitably entertained in the family of my old and revered friend, John Needles—a worthy disciple of George Fox and William Penn—the Isaac T. Hopper of New York, and the Thomas Garrett of Delaware—the early friend and faithful coadjutor of Benjamin Lundy, who kindly took me by the hand and gave me encouraging words in the commencement of my Anti-Slavery career as associate editor of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* in Baltimore in 1829—and who, for more than forty years, has unflinchingly espoused the cause of the hunted fugitive and the manacled slave, in the midst of perils and at great personal sacrifices, bearing himself at all times meekly yet intrepidly, and commanding respect and homage of even his bitterest enemies. It was a sore disappointment to me (which I believe he fully reciprocated) to find that he was absent in the country for the benefit of his health, he having had a serious fall a few months ago, from the effects of which he is slowly recovering. I trust we shall yet be permitted to see each other in the flesh. What an inducement it will be to visit him when Maryland shall have actually declared herself to be a free State! Hasten the day!

My visit to Washington was in all respects agreeable and satisfactory; especially so were my interviews with President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and Solicitor Whiting. My special acknowledgments are due to Senators Sumner and Wilson for their kind attentions both in and out of the Senate Chamber; and also to other Senators, and to various members of the House of Representatives (including Speaker Colfax), for courtesies extended to me during my visit to the Capitol.

THE WAR-TRACK IN VIRGINIA.

It is difficult for one familiar with the thriving villages and well-cultivated farms that cover the North to imagine Virginia a populous State. He steams a hundred and fifty miles up the Rappahannock and sees but one village (Port Royal), and but one indifferent city (Fredericksburg); up the York and Pamunkey a hundred miles, and comes to one or two "Landings" of two or three houses, now deserted. Riding over the country he is struck with the spareness of the population even as it must have been before the war. Pretentious names that at the North would mean a community of thousands cover here an insignificant hamlet of a dozen houses. He rides miles and miles between farms or plantations. The houses are mainly small, unpainted, dilapidated structures, the outbuildings a few negro huts. Ride up to them and he finds them deserted, except, maybe, by a "native" too old for war, or old African cronies, too old to run away. He sees no school-houses—a few churches, but no school-houses. I have ridden over nearly all the roads in the region we have traversed, between the Rappahannock and the James, and I have seen barely one school-house. Curiosity led me to enter. Every seat was furnished with a spittoon! I found one book, a Smith's Grammar, "adapted," as the preface states, "for use in the Confederate States." So far as I can see, the adaptation consists in substituting "C. S." for "U. S," and the elimination of sentiments in praise of liberty. It was published at Richmond, in the "second year of the Independence of the Confederate States," whenever that may have been.

The better class of houses are usually deserted altogether, but if one is found still inhabited by a "first family" or the remnant of one—I have not yet seen a single able-bodied man, always only women and old men or very young boys—they are always rank, out-spoken rebels. With the "plain people" it is otherwise. They either pretend to be for the Union, or disclaim having had anything to do with Secession, or having any care which party succeeds, so they may be speedily let alone. They say the rebel soldiers are as harsh and unsparing as ours; they have had everything taken from them, and can see nothing before them but starvation. They have no crops in the fields. Go into their gardens, and you will find nothing edible growing excepting a little corn and sweet potatoes. But those gardens are one bower of gorgeous June roses, and the peach-trees are laden with green fruit. In New England, when the rose-bushes are in blossom, their foliage is falling; here, it is at its direst, darkest green, and the effect is surprisingly beautiful.

This morning I rode a half mile at right angles with the line of march to a straggling combination of cabins that looked humble, but homelike. Before the door, smoking a veritable corn-cob pipe and mending fishing tackle, was a grizzled old African patriarch. Seven bright-eyed, kinky-haired youngsters, as I counted them, who crowded the doorways and lounged on the grass, proclaimed him a patriarch. He had a patriarchal name—Eli; had bought his freedom "more den forty years dun gone"; was the father of fifteen living children, nine of whom are boys; has two wives, both living with him, and is the owner of seventy-five acres of soil, on which he lives. I wish I could report his conversation literally. Three of his boys "is fightin', sah, wid you somewhar. *I* sent 'em *Norf*. Dey made 'em work fixin' de batteries at Richmond, and I wasn't gwyne to hab 'em helpin' on *dat* side. 'Spect dey is down in Careliny wid de colud soldiers dat left Washington." The old man intends to go North with all his family; says he shall have nothing to take with him except the deed of his land, which he "worked for and paid for, sah," but "reckins" he can get along "up dah durin' o' de wah, somehow." And I devoutly hope he may. C. A. P.

THE CRIME OF THE AGES.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

Poet, write!
Not of a purpose dark and dire,
 That souls of evil fashion,
Nor the power that nerves the assassin's hand
 In the white heat of his passion;
 But let thy rhyme,
 Through every clime,
 A burthen bear of this one crime;
Let the shuddering world draw in its breath
O'er the crime that aims at a NATION'S DEATH!

Minstrel, sing!
Not in affection's dulcet tone,
 Or the sound of a soft recorder;
Strike not thy harp to a strain arranged
 In measured, harmonic order;
 But loud and strong
 The notes prolong,
 That thunder of a nation's wrong;
Let a sound of war in thy notes appear,
Till the world opes wide a startled ear.

Prophet, speak!
Speak for the children of martyred sires—
 An offspring the most ungrateful;
Is swift-winged Justice hurrying on
 To punish a deed so hateful?
 Oh! read with thy
 Prophetic eye
 The omens of our troubled sky;
What is the picture beyond the gloom?—
New life, new birth, or a Nation's tomb?

Soldier, fight!
Thou hast a patriot's throbbing pulse,
 And future History's pages
Shall tell of the blood so freely shed
 To redeem "the crime of the ages."
 Well may'st thou fight
 For truth and right,
 And teach a rebel foe thy might;
Let a loyal heart and undaunted will
Show the world we are a Nation still!

CONDITION AND CONDUCT OF THE FREEDMEN.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

Decatur, Ala., June 1, 1864.

I want to write you about a new institution—one that has come into existence since this war—an institution that is quietly, naturally, practically solving the vexatious question of the past quarter century, "What shall we do with the freedman?"

While the slaveholder has utterly scouted the idea of the negro being fit for an individual independence or for self-government, and pronounced him indolent and unambitious, needing only the lash exactly like a beast of burden, still the friends of human freedom on the other hand have had no well defined ideas with regard to the negro's capacity or what to do with him in the event of emancipation.

But Lieut. Joseph H. Harris, Superintendent of the Contrabands in the Department of the Left Wing, 16th Army Corps, is quietly and surely demonstrating that the negro will receive improvement as fast as it is allowed him; that slavery has not been his natural condition; that it is better for all that he be paid for his labor, and that he is capable of orderly colonization and self-government. The advance of the army is practical emancipation. No laws, proclamations or orders need be made. Where the army treads slavery is always found afterwards to have "gone up." Of the four million negroes in the South I do not believe, as a mounted ranger who has gone into hamlet, valley, mountain, nook and woods and met them there, that there is a man, woman or child who does not hail the appearance of the Federal army as their deliverers, and look upon their masters as their natural enemies. The news of the "day of jubilo" has shot electrically throughout the entire race; consequently, when our columns pass we find them always ready to fall in our rear with their household gods and goods. Every military post becomes flocked with them, and out of mere humanity the army has to provide for them. Deprivation and suffering of course occurs during this transitory state until they become organized and employed, and the results of their labors begin to come in; but they bear it with fortitude and a sensible hope in the future and freedom. I verily believe that not another class of people of any nation, thrown into the same kind of a revolution, would bear it with the same good order, patience, composure, or give them so little uneasiness. By these miniature colonizations—these contraband camps, many thousands have become *free*, useful, happy, self-supporting. Families have become united, the head of the family assumes his proper dignity, and from thousands of cabins you hear the songs and prayers of fervent praise.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRIS'S CAMPS

are six in number at present, extending along the Alabama and Tennessee Railroad from Columbia to Decatur through a garden spot. They are located upon a deserted and confiscated plantation. Most of the able-bodied freedmen go into the *Corps d'Afrique*; but there remain large numbers of useful old men, strong, muscular women, accustomed to work in the field, and children. In their earliest history these camps were not self-supporting, and only intended as a refuge. They were supplied with clothing, rations and quarters at an immense expense to the government; but

LIEUT. JOSEPH H. HARRIS, SUPERINTENDENT,

has, with the noblest philanthropy, patriotism and disinterestedness, with great labor, gradually vitalized a system by which these little colonies have become entirely self-supporting. "Honor to whom honor is due," and a short sketch of this officer is appropos.

He is a substantial citizen of Bureau County, Illinois, about forty-five years of age, formerly a legislator, a practical farmer, deeply read in history and practical economy, a mind generally enlightened and liberal, of unimpeachable integrity, and always an Abolitionist, but in no wise of the rabid character. He enters upon his present work with his whole soul, from pure principle, and with well-defined purpose. When railed at for not making money with the immense force and land at his command, he replies that he has enough at home to satisfy him. His scrupulous regard for principle in the cause in which he is engaged fits him for a leader in the grand transition of the negro race from slavery to independent usefulness. He is of iron constitution, a man of work—not words. He may at all times be seen in a broad-brimmed hat, riding-boots and spurs, army shirt, with brown hands and bronzed face, his horse always saddled and near him. He never tires physically or in patience. He is equally practicable in generalities and details. He could colonize four million as easily as he has his present five thousand, and without asking a dollar of any extraneous source. His negroes reverence him, for he pursues one steady course upon principle. Kindness but firmness is in his government. He allows no idlers. He feels that the race are just emerging from an unnatural condition, and his patience is required to the sternest extent. His patriotism is a leading feature—as his leaving a position of social influence, and a large property, to be a Lieutenant, and his wounds of Shiloh testify. He has now been managing contraband camps over a year, here and in Western Tennessee, and it is to be hoped that for his experience and capacity his sphere of usefulness will be enlarged. Already his system has called forth the compliments of his commanding general. Prominent emancipationists and colonizationists are in correspondence with him, soliciting practical views and schemes with regard to those subjects.

THE ORGANIZATION

of the camps is systematic. There are at present in Lieut. Harris's charge about five thousand contrabands, and he has under cultivation about two thousand acres, embracing one thousand acres of cotton and the rest in corn, potatoes, wheat and gardens. The Lieutenant is ably assisted by trustworthy non-commissioned officers and soldiers, practical farmers detailed from their respective regiments. Each has his own department, and is held strictly accountable for the faithful and prompt discharge of his duties. Every branch of industry of a colony is in operation. There are saw-mills, grist-mills, blacksmith, cabinet, carpenter, shoe, tailor, dressmaker shops, etc. From the extensive gardens vegetables are issued fairly and systematically to the contrabands, and sometimes to the neighboring military hospitals. They are kept in good order by infirm and old negroes. The hum of the spinning-wheel and the clatter of the reel and loom resound from the labor of the old women. Little girls are busily applying the knitting-needle; young women, too delicate for the field, are seamstresses for others who wield the hoe and guide the plow. Everything is harmonious. The negroes are industrious and ambitious. They come promptly to roll-call, receive their orders for the day, repair to the field, and there perform their duties faithfully without driver, without curse, or kick, or lash, humming merrily—perhaps "de year of jubilo." I have in astonishment seen them toiling along under the burning sun in the seemingly unending rows of cotton or corn, when I reflected how the incentive of the lash had been removed. But I reflected how the dusky bosom there heaved with the vision of Saturday night and Sunday, with her new hat and feather, her hoop-skirt, etc.; and the brawny arms of the men kept at it faithfully by the stimulus of monthly wages, by the future scene of a present to his sweetheart, or something to adorn the household of a family man, himself a responsible head, the rights of the family respected, with the fear no more of a brutal white beast entering his cabin with the lash, to debauch his daughter, sell his children, or humiliate him by a blow. It is affecting and mortifying to see with what readiness and equilibrium the freedman appreciates his change, and how like a man he deports himself.

Lieut. Harris commenced these camps on small beginnings. The first funds were raised by hiring his force to neighboring planters. Gradually a large fund has been raised, and now even the tools for his government farms he buys, and even the nails for building barracks without drawing on the government or the Quartermaster's Department for a single dollar or article. The fund to be raised on the present crops will establish more camps with complete outfits as the army advances.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS

are a prominent feature. I have seen five hundred little black children together with their spelling books, as apt and tractable as white children. They are instructed in music, accompanied by a piano. The young idea is taught how to shoot, and so far as these children are concerned, the next generation will be an advance. The adults also study in evenings, and in every cabin may the spelling book be seen passing from hand to hand. Throughout the whole race there is a strong desire for intellectual improvement.

A FURNISHING STORE

is in the main camp. Here the negroes can go and suit their tastes—the articles taken being charged to their wages. The largest item issued has been fourteen hundred Webster's Spelling Books.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES

are regular and encouraged and attended by Lieut. Harris and his subordinates with commendable sincerity. The Sabbath is a day of good order, quiet and rest.

To conclude, I must say that I have never known a community of the number of these camps with so much peace and harmony or so much usefulness accomplished, and these conditions can be extended, if there be land, to the whole race. There are deep political and social truths envolved in these contraband camps. Lieut. Harris, I have learned, purposes soon issuing his views in a book, which will be of interest to the entire body of freedom's friends.

HOW WE LEARN.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
 Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
 Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
 Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
 Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
 Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
 Hard-buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
 Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
 Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
 When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
 And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
 Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,
 And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

H. Bonar.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

On the 24th of August, A. D. 79, when Titus ruled over the Roman Empire, a town was basking in the bright sun upon the shores of the lovely Bay of Naples. Its inhabitants were following their different callings, buying and selling, feasting and mourning, fitting out their galleys for distant seas, bringing their various wares to the crowded markets, and eagerly preparing for new shows and gladiatorial fights after the long interdict against such theatrical amusements under which Nero had placed their town. Wealthy Roman patricians, weary of the great city, and seeking a cooler and more wholesome air, were enjoying a grateful repose in the gay villas which covered a mountain slope amidst vineyards and gardens, and which were so thickly scattered that they seemed to form but one continuous city.

Sixteen years before, indeed, an earthquake of extraordinary violence had shaken to their foundations the temples, the forum, and other public buildings, had overturned their statues, had thrown down the walls of many an humble dwelling, and had even upset parts of the more solid defences of the town. The inhabitants of Pompeii had then fled in terror from the falling edifices; but, lulled into security by a calm of several years, they had now returned to their homes. They were busy repairing their shattered dwellings, replacing the fallen statues upon their pedestals, and ornamenting afresh their public monuments. The terrible mountain which hung over them was silent. Those who lived at its foot had inherited no other traditions from their forefathers concerning it than those which extolled the fertility of its soil, the exquisite richness of its vegetation, the luscious nature of its wines, and the beauty of its flowers.

The deeper student of nature read in this very soil the history of the mountains itself. It told him of fires once active, and that in some distant age that quiet, verdure-clothed summit was a destructive volcano, which had overwhelmed with lava and ashes the country at its foot.

Pompeii had been founded long before the Romans had extended their empire to the Tiberian Sea. It might have been built by the Oscans, or by a colony from Etruria, or even by the more polished Greeks. They have each their advocates. But, like most of the cities on this coast, it had fallen into the hands of the Samnites. Although it had become a Roman town it had retained up to the time of the great earthquake much of its early character, and a large part of the population may still have spoken the Oscan tongue. The inhabitants, proud of their Roman citizenship, and desirous to render their town more worthy of its imperial connection, had seized the opportunity when restoring its crumbling buildings to introduce the new fashions from the capital, to ornament their dwellings more after the Roman taste, and to decorate their public edifices with greater luxury and splendor. The streets, too, worn into deep ruts by the rude wheels of the country cars, had become almost impassible for the elegant chariot of the Roman patrician. The ancient pavement was about to be removed, and the fresh slabs to replace it had been cut from the hardened lava-streams which were found in the immediate neighborhood.

The inhabitants, moreover, were engaged in the struggle of an election of their municipal officers. New ædiles and duumviri were to be chosen for the town. Influential citizens and voters were canvassing for favorite candidates, and party spirit ran high. The owners of the neighboring villas and the population of the villages had gathered to the town to take part in the contest, and the moment being one of public excitement, the forum, the temples, and the theatres were thronged with an eager multitude.

Suddenly, and without any previous warning, a vast column of black smoke burst from the overhanging mountain. Rising to a prodigious height in the cloudless, summer sky, it then gradually spread itself out like the head of some mighty Italian pine, hiding the sun and overshadowing the earth for many a league. The darkness grew into profound night, only broken by the blue and sulphurous flashes which darted from the pitchy cloud. Soon a thick rain of thin, light ashes, almost imperceptible to the touch, fell upon the land. Then quickly succeeded showers of small, hot stones, mingling with heavier masses, and emitting stifling mephitic fumes. After a time the sound as of approaching torrents was heard, and soon steaming rivers of dense black mud poured slowly but irresistibly down the mountain-sides, and curdled through the streets, insidiously creeping into such recesses as even the subtle ashes had failed to penetrate. There was now no place of shelter left. No man could defend himself against this double enemy. It was too late for flight for such as had remained behind. Those who had taken refuge in the innermost parts of the houses or in the subterranean passages were closed up forever. Those who sought to flee through the streets were clogged by the small loose pumice-stones which lay many feet deep, or were entangled and overwhelmed in the mud-streams, or were struck down by the rocks which fell from the heavens. If they escaped these dangers, blinded by the drifting ashes and groping in the dark, not knowing which way to go, they were overcome by the sulphurous vapors, and, sinking on the highways, were soon buried beneath the volcanic matter. Even many who had gained the open country at the beginning of the eruption were overtaken by the darkness and falling cinders, and perished miserably in the fields or on the sea shore, where they had vainly sought the means of flight.

In three days the doomed town had disappeared. It lay beneath a vast mass of ashes, pumice-stones, and hardened mud, to which subsequent eruptions, occurring at intervals during eighteen centuries' added fresh materials. Gradually above them there accumulated, from year to year, the rich vegetable mould, formed from the volcanic soil, in which were again tended the vine and the olive-tree.

The miserable inhabitants who survived the catastrophe returned, after the eruption had ceased, to the site of their buried homes. Many dug into the ruins to find the property they had abandoned in their flight. That which was most valuable was thus, in cases, recovered. At a later period the statues were carefully sought for in the public places and were removed to adorn other sites, and the richer marbles and hewn stones were carried away for the construction of other edifices, the ruins affording to many generations a rich mine of building materials. But no attempts were ever made either to rebuild the town itself or to construct another upon its site. As years rolled on, all traces of it passed away except, perhaps, the upper part of some vast building, such as the amphitheatre, which rose above the surrounding soil. Its ruins lay deep beneath the cultivated fields, and Pompeii slept for seventeen hundred years wrapped in its shroud of lava-mud and ashes. And so it remained, forsaken and forgotten, until the middle of the last century.

It is commonly but erroneously supposed that the town was overwhelmed by lava ejected from the crater of the volcano. Such lava-streams, like broad watercourses of black rock, may be traced down the sides of Vesuvius; some may be of the date of the great eruption which destroyed the town; but it is certain that none of them reached the town itself. Pompeii owed its destruction to two causes. Ashes and small pumice-stones, like white cinders, were thrown out of the crater, and fell in dense showers over the surrounding country. They were probably carried to a considerable distance by the wind; but the greater part seems to have fallen on the coast between the foot of the mountain and the sea on which Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ stood. The Italians call these pumice-stones "rapillo," or "lapillo"; in the earlier records the former word is used. In addition to the "lapillo," torrents of mud, formed by ashes, lava, and other volcanic matter, mingled with water abundantly ejected from the crater, rolled down the mountain side, and spreading in streams as they reached the lower country, completely covering everything within their reach. This thick mud, called by the Italians "lava bavosa," accumulated wherever it was checked, and penetrating into every nook and cranny, soon hardened and encased every object with which it was brought into contact. In its hard state it is called "tuono."—*London Quarterly Review.*

STORY OF A BLACK REFUGEE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

Beaufort, S. C., June, 1864.

On the 1st of the present month there came into our lines at Beaufort, S. C., a short, stout, thick set negro man, black as night, with not a drop of white blood in his veins, but with unmistakable intelligence in every feature, a countenance radiant with good-nature, and whose shrewd observations and remarks would have done credit to the intellect of the best specimen of the Caucasian race. He landed from a primitive boat, not made of "bulrushes," but from a coarse kind of grass—which had first been twisted into a rope of 1¼ inches in diameter. To keep this rope together, it was bound round, or as the sailors would term it, *served*, with other grass.

This rope was plated together as I have seen door mats, beginning in the centre and building out to form the foundation or floor, then up to form the sides. It was five feet four inches in length, three feet four inches broad, and one foot six inches in depth—measuring from the top or bulwarks of the boat. On the bottom, or inside floor, to keep it from collapsing, there were three pieces of pine wood. There was an old shutter on the outside, or underneath, on which the boat was fastened. Inside and outside it was pitched, to keep it watertight. The man gave his name as Jack Frowers, stating that he was born the slave of Dr. Henry Fuller of Beaufort, S. C., now of Baltimore—a man who was among the foremost to take South Carolina out of the Union, but who was too shrewd (or something else) to continue with Secession, as by so doing he might lose his "possessions, for he was very rich." It would be hard to convince Jack that his master is not a secessionist still, or his fifteen brethren lent to Elder Holley for their victuals and clothes "till the war is over."

Jack spent most of his life on one or the other of the Doctor's plantations near Beaufort, always working as a field hand. He does not know his age, but I should judge him to be 45. The noble fellow would not make his age an excuse for not fighting for others' freedom. He has enlisted in what was formerly the 1st S. C. Colored Regiment (Col. Higginson), now known as the 33d U. S. C. T. I give Jack's narrative in his own words, as written down by Mr. Judd, omitting such passages as would implicate Jack's assistants:

"Two years ago now, the Doctor sent me and sixteen others to the Village of Aikin, 125 miles back, where the country is all broken up into hills and valleys, where we were to work for Mellidge Holley, who was to keep us, the Doctor told us, till the war was over—he (Holley) giving us victuals and clothes. About the 15th of May, 1863, I started off one dark night to get to Beaufort; took only a blanket and pair of pants, and travelled as hard as I could till almost morning, and then hid in the swamp. I was disturbed and frightened by the cry of bloodhounds coming on my track. To get away, I had to cross the swamp and double on them, going toward Augusta. But they kept the scent, and chased me all day, though I went across brooks and swamps ever so many times. So it was 12 o'clock at night when I got to the bridge at Augusta, though distant but 16 miles from Aiken. At the far end of the bridge is a gate where the guard stands post; and when I came to him he asked me where I was from, and I told him from Gardner's Corners, when he said he thought I was lying, and if he knew I was he would surely kill me, for no nigger should run away to the d—d Yankees if he could help it. After that he took me to jail, and word was sent to Dr. Fuller, who sent and told Holley I was in jail at Augusta, and he had best take me out, and do just as he chose to do with me, only he must keep me alive till after the war.

"There were 16 bloodhounds and 12 men after me, as I found out when I got back to Aiken, and they only lost my track at 10 o'clock. Just as soon as Master Holley got me home, *he set the dogs to worry and bite me and the scars on my legs and arms are what they did with their teeth.* After he got tired of that fun, he took me to a blacksmith, who put a ring around my ankle, *bending the ends in when it was red hot*" (a large scar is all around the ankle showing the mark from the burn of the hot iron), "and then a heavy timber chain was wound twice around my waist, and locked. The chain weighed as much as 50 pounds, and was put next to my skin, and I wore both these *darbies* four weeks, and got a hard flogging every day beside. Master Holley himself whipped me, saying he had got me now where he wanted me, and where he would have full satisfaction.

"When he took off the fetters, I was too lame and sick to do anything, and he laughed at me, telling me I had better 'try again to go to the d—d Yankees.' Since then, Holley has kept a guard on all his niggers, so that we could not get away, watching us so close and treating me so badly that I got completely cowed, and gave it up till the last day of March in this year, when he set me a new task, to go to the woods and cut and split 15 rails, feeding and watering the cattle, 25 head, three times a day, beside doing the housewoman's chores, for a day's work. When I came up at noon, the first day, to get something to eat, the housewoman told me Mr. Holley would give me 600 lashes because I had not cut some firewood before I went away in the morning. I said, 'I can't do no more den I can. He's master an' I slave, and I can't hinder him.' So after dinner I went down in a little bush, where I could see when Master Holley came home, and when he did come the housewoman told him what she said she would, and he went off very quick toward where I had been working, but of course he did not find me there; and so by and by I saw him come back and go into the house.

"In a little while he came out with his gun, and sword buckled around him, and whistled for his six bloodhound dogs, who went after him. As soon as I saw that, I jumped up and ran like lightning the other way. When the hounds fairly got on my trail and I heard them, I was two miles off, and by crossing little swamps I put them out till an hour before sundown, when I came to a pond and could see the dogs not more than 300 yards behind me. I tumbled right in and waded out till I could just touch my toes and keep my nose above water to breathe, and the dogs lost me entirely.

"When Holley and the other men came down to the pond they rode all around it, and I heard them say, 'He can't get away no how, for we can come in the morning, and the dogs will take his scent and find him. After they had gone I got out, and wrung out my clothes and started by the road direct, and ran and walked all night, till I knew I was gone thirty-five miles from Aiken; and then at daydawn I got to a pond, and went out on a log that was sticking in the water, and broke down some rushes and bushes enough to lie down on and cover me up, and there I slept all day, for I was dreadful tired, and most starved, too. When night came I was so weak from hunger that I could scarcely go along; but I felt better when I harked and couldn't hear no dogs! So I came on and got a half a mile, when I saw a little house just back from the road, and thought it was a nigger house, and went along up to the door, when a white woman came out and scared me dreadfully. She asked me what I wanted, and I saw I was in for a lie anyhow. So I said, 'Is master at home?' and sure enough he came right out. When he asked me where I came from I told him Pocotaligo, and before he could ask any more I said, 'We cotched fifty Yankees yesterday down there, and master was so tickled that he let me go up to Barnwell's to see my family.' Then I said I had got off the track and was hungry, and would not he sell me something to eat. The woman streaked right into the house and brought me out a piece of bread and a bone with a little meat on it, and said they should not ax anything from a good faithful nigger. The man said the news was grand, and then he told me to go up the very road I had just come down, and I started, but only went on till I saw him go into the house, and then turned and went softly the other way, eating as I went along, and trying to be thankful to the man for his good intentions. Then about the 1st of May I began to go about at night to try to find where the Secesh pickets were, so as to watch for a chance to get on to Port Royal. One night I came down to Port Royal Ferry and hid myself in a ditch—I did not know it was a rifle-pit—close to the causeway. I had not been there more than two minutes before two pickets came and sat down within five feet of me, so near that I could hear every word they said. Then I thought my time had come. But they went to sleep after two hours, and I crawled away, and was getting ready to go in for a swim to the Yankees. All at once a picket started up from the bulkhead and sung out 'Who goes dare?' I answered, 'A friend,' and turned and ran. He did not fire, but shouted to the other picket to stop me, but, before they were aware of it, I was clean gone. So, I found it was of no use to try to get over that way, and concluded to try another. I got an axe and knife—no matter how—and I cut a lot of rushes, and went to work in the wood and made this boat. It took me two days to weave it after the stuff was all ready. The pitch I got by cutting into a tree and catching the gum.

"The old shutter nailed on to the bottom of my boat came from Dr. Fuller's house. It was three miles to the water, and I carried the basket along on my head in the dark night for fear of pickets. It was so late in the night when I got all ready to start on the creek that I did not get down to the Coosa till daybreak, and so I landed on a little hummock close by the mouth of the creek, and hid the boat and myself for another day.

"But before 9 o'clock next night I put out and paddled over to Port Royal, too glad to get away. The Yankee picket was not asleep, but challenged me before I got over near the shore, and I told him right off I was a *runaway nigger coming ashore for freedom!* The Secesh picket heard me, and after I got up the bank he hailed across: 'Yanks, who you get?' Yanks say, 'One your fellows.' 'What you going to do with him?' 'Don't know; what you think best?' 'Cut him up for fishbait; he is good for nothing else.'"

Jack will prove him a false prophet. I would ask if Jack Frowers is not as worthy of freedom as his former owner, Dr. Fuller—aye, as any other human being on God's round earth. He has shown the pluck, the grit, of an Anglo-Saxon—the perseverance and heroism of a true, genuine, and noble man.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife,"
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;
And if nought but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman *is*?—
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek *here* in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"
To take the first Booby that graciously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let *me* try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why *am* I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife"?

—*Chambers's Journal.*

DEFEAT OF THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

London, May 18th.

Lately many persons must have read with no other emotion than that pleasurable one that all feel when a rascal gets his deserts, that the King of Dahomey had been repulsed by the Egbas with great loss. But the previous story may well be repeated in connection with this announcement. In that part of Africa, near what is known as "the Slave Coast," near Lagos, and a little to the south east of Abomey, Capital of Dahomey, there was about thirty-six years ago, or thereabout, a huge porphyritic rock hollowed out into caverns, which was called Olumo. These caverns were occupied solely by bandits. About the year 1825 these bandits for some reason abandoned these caverns for some other den, and they (Olumo caverns) were then occupied by some families flying from slave-hunters. After a while these fugitives were joined by others, until at length it became known by the hunted as a City of Refuge. Together they worked and built, until about this hollowed rock has arisen a city of 200,000 inhabitants with a wall fifteen feet high and fifteen miles in circumference around it. This city is that known as Abbeokuta. The slave-trading scoundrels of Dahomey's dominions did not like the proximity of any City of Refuge, any better than the Confederates liked a Republican government at Washington. The result was that Dahomey with 10,000 troops marched against this city, and was utterly repulsed by "the Egbas," as they are termed—leaving behind 3,000 troops, one thousand slain, the rest prisoners. It is doubtful whether Dahomey can survive this defeat; as many of the surrounding tribes hate him enough to squelch him, just now. In this battle (March 16) the King's Amazons were engaged and fought furiously. One of these women climbed a parapet, and when her left hand was cut off, she lifted herself to the top with the other, and did not fall back till her antagonist fel[illegible] dead by her side.

—*M. D. Conway, in the Commonwealth.*

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